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The Packers and the People

BY J. OGDEN ARMOUR

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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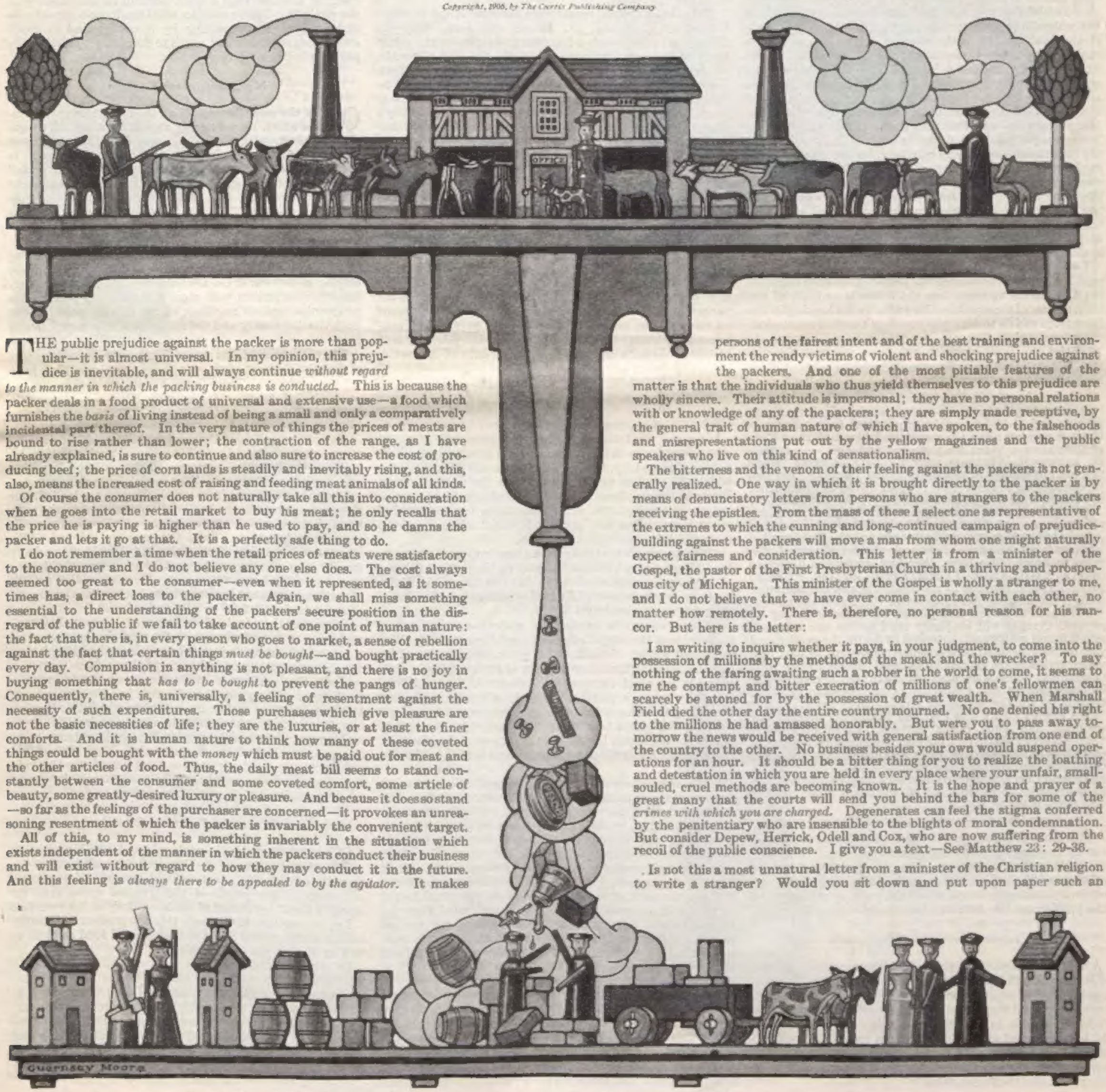

THE public prejudice against the packer is more than popular—it is almost universal. In my opinion, this prejudice is inevitable, and will always continue *without regard to the manner in which the packing business is conducted.* This is because the packer deals in a food product of universal and extensive use—a food which furnishes the *basis* of living instead of being a small and only a comparatively incidental part thereof. In the very nature of things the prices of meats are bound to rise rather than lower; the contraction of the range, as I have already explained, is sure to continue and also sure to increase the cost of producing beef; the price of corn lands is steadily and inevitably rising, and this, also, means the increased cost of raising and feeding meat animals of all kinds.

Of course the consumer does not naturally take all this into consideration when he goes into the retail market to buy his meat; he only recalls that the price he is paying is higher than he used to pay, and so he damns the packer and lets it go at that. It is a perfectly safe thing to do.

I do not remember a time when the retail prices of meats were satisfactory to the consumer and I do not believe any one else does. The cost always seemed too great to the consumer—even when it represented, as it sometimes has, a direct loss to the packer. Again, we shall miss something essential to the understanding of the packers' secure position in the disregard of the public if we fail to take account of one point of human nature: the fact that there is, in every person who goes to market, a sense of rebellion against the fact that certain things *must be bought*—and bought practically every day. Compulsion in anything is not pleasant, and there is no joy in buying something that *has to be bought* to prevent the pangs of hunger. Consequently, there is, universally, a feeling of resentment against the necessity of such expenditures. Those purchases which give pleasure are not the basic necessities of life; they are the luxuries, or at least the finer comforts. And it is human nature to think how many of these coveted things could be bought with the *money* which must be paid out for meat and the other articles of food. Thus, the daily meat bill seems to stand constantly between the consumer and some coveted comfort, some article of beauty, some greatly-desired luxury or pleasure. And because it does so stand—so far as the feelings of the purchaser are concerned—it provokes an unreasoning resentment of which the packer is invariably the convenient target.

All of this, to my mind, is something inherent in the situation which exists independent of the manner in which the packers conduct their business and will exist without regard to how they may conduct it in the future. And this feeling is *always there to be appealed to by the agitator.* It makes persons of the fairest intent and of the best training and environment the ready victims of violent and shocking prejudice against the packers. And one of the most pitiable features of the matter is that the individuals who thus yield themselves to this prejudice are wholly sincere. Their attitude is impersonal; they have no personal relations with or knowledge of any of the packers; they are simply made receptive, by the general trait of human nature of which I have spoken, to the falsehoods and misrepresentations put out by the yellow magazines and the public speakers who live on this kind of sensationalism.

The bitterness and the venom of their feeling against the packers is not generally realized. One way in which it is brought directly to the packer is by means of denunciatory letters from persons who are strangers to the packers receiving the epistles. From the mass of these I select one as representative of the extremes to which the cunning and long-continued campaign of prejudice-building against the packers will move a man from whom one might naturally expect fairness and consideration. This letter is from a minister of the Gospel, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in a thriving and prosperous city of Michigan. This minister of the Gospel is wholly a stranger to me, and I do not believe that we have ever come in contact with each other, no matter how remotely. There is, therefore, no personal reason for his rancor. But here is the letter:

> I am writing to inquire whether it pays, in your judgment, to come into the possession of millions by the methods of the sneak and the wrecker? To say nothing of the faring awaiting such a robber in the world to come, it seems to me the contempt and bitter execration of millions of one's fellowmen can scarcely be atoned for by the possession of great wealth. When Marshall Field died the other day the entire country mourned. No one denied his right to the millions he had amassed honorably. But were you to pass away tomorrow the news would be received with general satisfaction from one end of the country to the other. No business besides your own would suspend operations for an hour. It should be a bitter thing for you to realize the loathing and detestation in which you are held in every place where your unfair, small-souled, cruel methods are becoming known. It is the hope and prayer of a great many that the courts will send you behind the bars for some of the *crimes with which you are charged.* Degenerates can feel the stigma conferred by the penitentiary who are insensible to the blights of moral condemnation. But consider Depew, Herrick, Odell and Cox, who are now suffering from the recoil of the public conscience. I give you a text—See Matthew 23: 29-36.

Is not this a most unnatural letter from a minister of the Christian religion to write a stranger? Would you sit down and put upon paper such an

"THIRTY"

By William Allen White

IN THE afternoon, between two and three o'clock, the messenger-boy from the telegraph-office brings over the final sheet of the day's report of the Associated Press. Always at the end is the signature "Thirty." That tells us that the report is closed for the day. Just why "Thirty" should be used to indicate the close of the day's work no one seems to know. It is the custom. They do so in telegraph-offices all over the country, and in the newspaper business "Thirty" stands for the end so significantly that whenever a printer or a reporter dies his associates generally feel called upon to have a floral emblem made with the figures in the centre. It is therefore entirely proper that these sketches of life in a country town, seen through a reporter's eyes, should close with the symbolic word. But how to close? That is the question.

When the Baptist Church Needs a New Roof, Jim is the Cinderella of the Occasion

Sitting here by the office window, with the smell of the ink in one's nostrils, and the steady, monotonous clatter of the linotypes in the ears, and the whirring of the shafting from the press-room in the basement throbbing through one's nerves, with the very material realization of the office around one, it seems as though such a small part of it, and of the life about it, has been set down in these sketches. Passing the office window every moment is some one with a story that should be told. Every human life, if one could know it well and translate it into language, has in it the making of a great story. It is because we are blind that we pass men and women around us, heedless of the tragic quality of their lives. If every man, or woman, could understand that all other human lives are as full of sorrows, of joys, of base temptations, of heartaches and remorse as his own, which he thinks so peculiarly isolated from the web of life, how much kinder, how much gentler he would be! And how much richer life would be for all of us! Life is dull to no one. But life seems dull to those dull persons who think life is dull for others, and who see only the drab and gray shades in the woof that is woven about them.

Here in our town are ten thousand people, and yet these sketches have told of less than twoscore of them. In the town are thousands of others quite as interesting as those of whom we have written. A few minutes ago Jim Huddleson rode by on his hack. There is no reason why others should be advertised of men and Jim left out; for Jim is the proudest man in town.

He came here when the town was young, and was president of the Anti-Horse-Thief League in the days before it became an emeritus institution, when it was a power in politics and named the Sheriff as a matter of right and of course.

Jim has never let the fact that he kept a livery-stable and drove a hack interfere with his position as leading citizen. He keeps a livery-stable, because that is his business, and he drives a hack because he cannot trust such a valuable piece of property in the hands of the boy. But when the street fair is to be put on, or the baseball team financed, or when the Baptist Church needs a new roof, or the petitions are to be circulated for a bond election, Jim Huddleson gets down from his hack, puts on his crystal slipper and is the Cinderella of the occasion. That is why, when young men go in Jim's hack to take young women to parties and dances, they always invite Jim in to sit by the fire and get warm while the girls are primping. That is why, when young Ben Mercer, just home from five years of Harvard, offered Jim a "tip" over the usual twenty-five-cent fare, Jim quietly took off his coat and whipped young Ben where he stood—and the town lined up for an hour, each man eager for the privilege of contributing ten cents to the popular subscription to pay old Jim's fine and costs in the police-court.

Following Jim Huddleson on his hack past the office window came Bill Harrison, once extra brakeman on the Dry Creek Branch, just promoted to be conductor on the main line, and so full of vainglory in his exalted position that he wears his brass buttons on freight trains. Bill's wife signs his pay-check and doles out his cigar money, a quarter at a time, and when he asks for a dollar, she looks at him as if she suspected him of leading a double life. It is her ambition to live in Topeka, for "there are so many conductors in Topeka," she says, "that society is not so mixed"—as it is in our town, where she complains that the switchmen and the firemen and the student-brakemen dominate society. Once a cigar salesman from Kansas City got on Bill's train and offered a lead dollar for fare.

"I can't take this," protested Bill, emphasizing the "I," because his job was new.

"Well, then, you might just turn that one over to the company," responded the drummer.

And when the head brakeman told it in the yards, Bill had to fuss with his wife for two days to get money for a box of cigars to stop the trouble.

As these lines were being written, Miss Littleton came into the office with a notice for the Missionary Society. She has been teaching school in town for thirty years and is not so cheerful as she was once. For a long time the board has considered dismissing her. But it continues to change her around from building to building and from room to room, and to keep her out of sheer pity. And she knows it. There is tragedy enough in her story to fill a book. Yet she looks as humdrum as you please, and smiles so gayly as she puts down her notice that one thinks perhaps she is trying to dispel the impression that she is cross and impatient with the children.

On the other side of the street, upstairs in his dusty real-estate office, with tin placards of insurance companies on the wall, and gaudy calendars tacked everywhere, Silas Buckner stands at the window counting the liars and scoundrels, and double-dealers and villains, and thieves and swindlers who pass. Since Silas was defeated for Register of Deeds he has become a pessimist. He has soured on the town, and when he sees a man, Silas thinks only of the evil that man has done. Silas knows all men's weaknesses and forgets their strength, and looking down from the window hates his fellow-creatures for the wrong they have done him, or the wickedness that he knows of them. He has never given our reporters a kindly item of news since he was turned down, but if there is a discreditable story on any citizen going around we hear it first from Silas, and if we do not print it he says we have taken hush money. If we have to print it, he says we are stirring up strife. Seeing him over there, looking down on the town which to him is accursed, we have often thought how weary God must be looking at the world and knowing so much better than Silas the weakness and iniquity of men. And we have wondered if sin were really so important as Silas thinks it is, for with Silas sin is a blot that effaces a man's soul. But maybe God sees sin only as a blemish that men may overcome. Perhaps God is not so discouraged with us as Silas is. But life is a puzzle at most.

Counting the Liars and Scoundrels and Double-Dealers and Villains Who Pass

With a Notice for the Missionary Society

Last night Aaron Marlin died. He has lived for ninety years in this world, and has seen much and suffered much, and died as a child turns to sleep. It was quiet and still at his home among the elms as he lay in his coffin, and inside the mourners spoke in low and solemn tones, and the blinds were drawn as if death were shy. As he lay there in the great hush that was over the house, there passed before it on the sidewalk two who spoke as low as the mourners, though they were oblivious to the house of death. They trod slowly, and a great calm was on their souls. And one of the scribes who sets down these lines stood in the shadow of the doorway pine-tree and saw the lovers passing, and felt the silence and the sorrow behind the door he was about to enter. And there he stood wondering—between Death and Love—the End and the Beginning of God's great mystery of Life. And so, with the sense of that great mystery upon him, with all of this pied skein of life about him, he puts down his pen, and looks out of the window, as the thread winds down the street.

For "Thirty" is in for the day.

Time Enough

GEORGE HARVEY, the famous restaurant keeper of Washington, was walking through his dining-room one day. An angry statesman accosted him.

"Here, Harvey," he said, "this place is no good."

"What's the matter?" inquired Harvey.

"Why, I ordered some cold roast beef thirty minutes ago and I haven't got it yet."

"How long ago?"

"Thirty minutes."

"Good gracious," said Harvey, "I'll have to see about that. It should be cold by this time."

Now then -
Who said Biscuits?

The delicious hot biscuits and beaten biscuits of the South, in all their varying forms, as well as the standard bread, rolls and pastry of the North are vastly superior when made from GOLD MEDAL FLOUR. It's time to buy-Your grocer has it.

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

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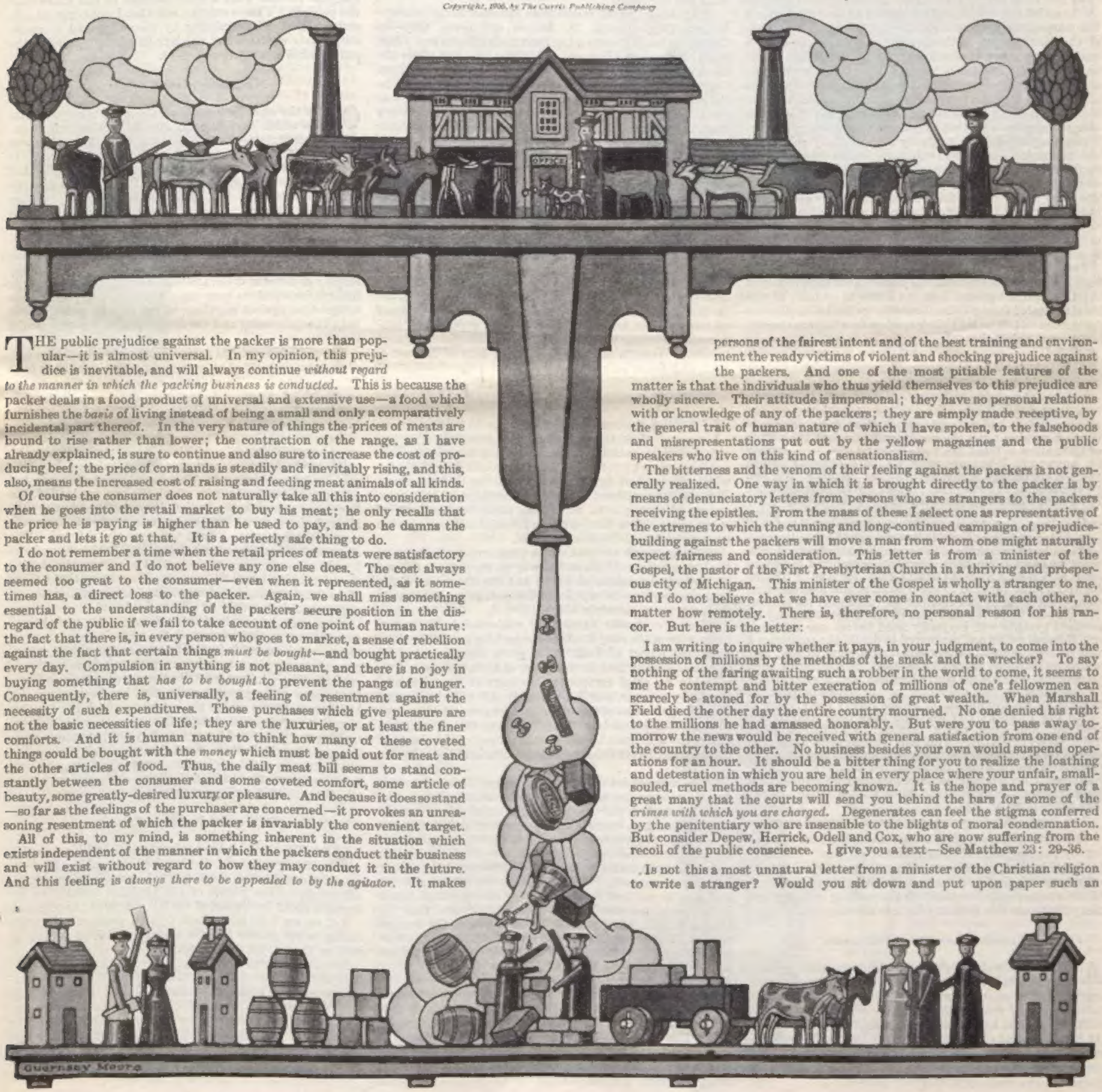

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Is not this a most unnatural letter from a minister of the Christian religion to write a stranger? Would you sit down and put upon paper such an

expression of hatred against an avowed enemy? I think not! A man to do this without any personal provocation whatever shows that his mind has been powerfully wrought upon—persistently and systematically warped through a cunning appeal to his prejudice—and this is generally cloaked under the disguise of an appeal to conscience.

I assert my profound belief that a letter of this kind from such a source would be absolutely an impossibility without such a campaign of persistent misrepresentation and organized vilification as that to which the packers have for years been subjected. Think of the occupant of a Christian pulpit, in this enlightened day, going out of his way to write a stranger a letter of such studied venom, rankling with a hatred that would have done justice to a barbaric Highland clansman, in the old days, expressing his contempt of a feudal enemy! And yet I have no doubt that, personally, this Christian pastor is a kindly man who really loves justice and delights in doing good.

How Sentiment is Made

TO ME he is simply an example of the absurd extremes to which this propaganda of slander against the packers has warped the judgment and the sentiment of thousands of the best people in the country. Because, as I have said, a compulsory expenditure for a hard-and-fast necessity naturally creates a kind of latent sentiment, the slanders of the magazines and periodicals have found an acceptance otherwise impossible; they have persisted and increased because it was found that the people read these charges eagerly—and that they therefore made circulation. These magazines have shrewdly and skillfully cultivated the impression—so easy to cultivate, for the reason I have explained—that the packers are the natural and inevitable enemies of the people, preying upon them as the wolf preys upon the flock. Only, fully to delineate the character of the packer as it is depicted by the sensational magazine, the wolf should be a double-headed monster, with one set of jaws busy hamstringing the cattleman while the other is closed upon the throat of the consumer.

Letters of the kind I have cited are the legitimate fruit of such a sowing as the sensational publications have indulged in; that actual violence does not follow is no fault of the most radical of these publications who are not looking for the facts from which to lead their readers to a fair conclusion.

Do you think that this conclusion is not warranted? Then let me assure you that I have received, through the United States mails, a typewritten letter without place or date, addressed to myself and reading as follows:

We have been reading about you and your kind of commercial tyrants in ——. We would think that you tyrants and —— —— ought to get tired from your continuous gorging upon the sweat and blood of the people of the nation. What are you —— and —— —— aiming at, anyway? What are your ultimate objects? Have you not got enough of this world's good already? Are you pirates seeking to enslave the people? Why not commence to be men with human hearts and try to be fair and just?

We feel that the authorities at Washington are going to clip your cruel claws very shortly, but we also feel that personal punishment and a little terror on the Russian plan will in a large measure aid in accomplishing effectively the work in hand. We have, therefore, organized ourselves into a VIGILANCE COMMITTEE for the PUBLIC SAFETY, and propose to use dynamite and assassination to help suppressing you commercial vultures of the nation. We propose to be fair and just in our operations, and all accused tyrants will be justly tried before our tribunal, and if found guilty and sentenced to death, the condemned will be duly notified of the penalty they are to pay, and which punishment cannot be escaped; if not to-day then to-morrow. This is the plan which has been so successfully in operation in the execution of the Russian political tyrants by the Committee of Public Safety there.

We beg to notify you that you have been tried by our tribunal, and your death decreed. PREPARE FOR THE INEVITABLE! You may temporarily avoid the execution of this sentence, but your time will shortly come. Our officer who has been appointed to execute this sentence has already been appointed, and you may be assured that he is prepared to sacrifice his life in such a worthy cause. The game is worth it.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE FOR THE PUBLIC SAFETY.

This letter indicates upon its face that it has been brought out by the magazine attacks upon the packers. It speaks for itself in that particular. The only comment I care to offer upon it is that it is the natural and legitimate outcome of the wanton agitation to which the packing industry and the private car line industry have been subjected.

Those Throttled Railroads

ANOTHER popular method of inciting prejudice against the packers is to represent them as throttling the railroads of the country and forcing unfairly low freight rates on dressed meats and packing-house products. Some railroad officials have encouraged this misrepresentation. At banquets and elsewhere they have tossed off jauntily-worded expressions of rate-making that sound well in the ears of the inexpert and strengthen the belief that "the packers make their own rates."

Mr. A. B. Stickney, president of the Chicago Great Western Railway, has frequently indulged in word-pictures of the poor trembling railroads in the clutches of the voracious packers. One of his most often-quoted statements runs as follows:

"In fixing the rate on dressed meat we" (the railroads, I presume) "don't have very much to say. The packer generally makes the rate. He comes to you and always makes you feel that he is your friend. Then he asks how much you charge for a certain shipment of dressed meats. The published tariff may be twenty-three cents a hundred, but he will not pay that. You say to him: 'I'll carry your meat for eighteen cents.' He says: 'Oh, no, you won't: I won't pay that!' Then you say: 'Well, what will you pay for it?' He then replies: 'I can get it hauled for sixteen cents.' So you haul it for sixteen cents."

That sounds convincing; to the average reader or listener it appears to be a freshly-written, undried page out of the every-day experience of a railroad manager, and sounds as if it might be a verbatim report of what took place only the day before in Mr. Stickney's office. Now, what are the facts?

The rate on dressed meats from Missouri River points—Kansas City, Omaha, St. Joseph and Sioux City—to Chicago is twenty cents a hundred and eighteen and a half cents on through business. That was the rate when Mr. Stickney made the statement quoted above. It had been the rate for more than three years. It will continue to be the rate for more than three years longer. That rate was fixed by a formal legal contract between Mr. Stickney's road, the Chicago Great Western, and the *Missouri River packers*—a contract *executed in the summer of 1902 and made binding for seven years. And Mr. Stickney was so well pleased with that contract that he made execution of it the occasion of a circular letter to the Great Western stockholders, in which he explained* (and almost boasted of) *what a good bargain the railroad had driven with the packers*—a bargain that meant an advance of fifteen per cent. over rates previously prevailing, and that meant a fifty per cent. increase in the railroad's net earnings. Mr. Stickney also made it appear in his circular that the new rate was as high a rate, the Great Western believed, as could be justly exacted from the packers, in view of the small margin of profit in the packers' business. But let Mr. Stickney speak for himself on rates. Here are extracts from that "private and confidential" circular which, as I have said, Mr. Stickney sent to Great Western stockholders under date of August 4, 1902, the italics being mine:

Mr. Stickney's Private Opinion

"IT GIVES the management pleasure to be able to announce that the company has executed identical contracts with each of the packing companies doing business at Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Sioux City, by which the packers agree to route over the Chicago Great Western lines at least a certain percentage of the entire output of their plants, at definite rates, for the term of seven years. *The rates are a substantial advance over the rates which have heretofore prevailed.*

"The aggregate revenue which these contracts secure to the Chicago Great Western Railway on the present volume of business is estimated to be $14,000,000, and, if the business increases as rapidly in the next seven years as in the past, approximately $20,000,000.

"These contracts cannot be understood without a knowledge of the magnitude of the packing industry. The published report of Swift & Co. gives the amount of its sales last year at the enormous sum of $220,000,000. Presumably its chief competitor, Armour & Co., did substantially as much, and it is probably safe to estimate that the aggregate sales of the other packers amount to enough to make the grand total fully $700,000,000. More than half of the aggregate business is the output of the plants at the Missouri River cities mentioned, and is affected by the contracts. . . .

"The narrowness of the margin of profits is even more surprising than the magnitude of the transactions. The report of Swift & Co. (the only report available) gives the information that, on sales during last year, practically in a retail way, aggregating over $220,000,000 of perishable commodities requiring the greatest care to guard against serious loss, the entire profits were only about $3,000,000, or less than 1½ per cent. With such a narrow margin of profit it is easy to see that freight rates are an important factor in the packing-house business. It is estimated that the annual freight bills amount to three times the annual profits. Hence, any increase in the rates which have been established for years, to which the whole business has been adjusted, is a serious matter. . . .

"And the packers being *willing to agree to a permanent, substantial advance of more than fifteen per cent.*, the management felt that its duty to the stockholders demanded that it should accept the opportunity to secure, for a term of years, this substantial advance in rates. Accordingly it has entered into identical and lawful contracts with each and every packer doing business at Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Sioux City. . . .

"In consideration of this contract on the part of the railroad, the packers agree to ship over the Chicago Great Western lines in each and every month during the full term of seven years at least a certain percentage of the entire output of their respective packing-houses, and of all such packing-houses as they, their successors and assigns, may hereafter own or control, *and to pay therefor the full published tariff rates*, regardless of any lower rates which may be offered by other railway companies. . . .

"These contracts, unlike the 'maximum rate contracts,' are legal and therefore enforceable in the courts.

"There is no way by which the other lines can reduce the rate or quantity.

"It is certainly satisfactory to know that so large a volume of gross revenue, approximately $1,000,000 per annum, is already secured by contract for the Omaha and Sioux City lines now under construction, as soon as they are completed."

It is instructive to note the difference between Mr. Stickney talking to the general public about freight rates and President Stickney telling his stockholders in a confidential circular what a good bargain he has made with the packers. I have only to add that loose-tongued talk and undigested generalizing by men supposed to speak authoritatively have had much to do with prejudicing the public mind against the packers.

No Smuggled Freight

ONE of the most flagrant of all the many misrepresentations which have recently appeared in certain magazines is this statement: "Beef is hung up in the refrigerator cars. There is a space beneath on the floor of the car. It has been charged that this space is sometimes crowded full of dressed poultry, eggs, and so on. Poultry and eggs take a high freight rate; but, thus packed, *Armour gets them carried for nothing*. . . . How much of such business goes on no one knows, *but it has been shown to exist in numerous cases.*"

Nothing could be falser than this statement. It is untrue in every respect and particular. The older men in the employ of Armour & Co. are witnesses to the fact that my father's instructions were most strict on this point; that he guarded against anything of the sort by pointing out both the dishonesty and the foolishness of any practice of that nature.

The same precautions against the possibility of that sort of thing on the part of an over-zealous employee have been taken by myself. There is not a man in the shipping department of Armour & Co. who does not thoroughly understand that an attempt at such a practice would bring him instant dismissal.

Any person believing that such a thing would be done by any packer can quickly rid his mind of such a notion by going to the freight department of any railroad handling packing-house business. The roads' inspectors are not only on the platforms from which the cars are loaded, but they have access to the books of account and to the very invoices from which the collections are made from the persons or houses to whom the cars are shipped. The statement is not only utterly false, but it is absurd, and any freight man who knows the actual processes of shipping from a packing-house will say so. They know that a thing of this kind could not be done without detection and that an attempt to do it would be silly and suicidal.

Whenever the people of this country—or any of them—come to cast up their score with the packers, there are some things which cannot in justice be overlooked, although they are so commonplace as to be accepted as a mere matter of course. The packers' contribution to economic progress in the way of by-product utilization has been enormous. It is impossible to realize the extent to which this touches almost every physical element in our every-day life—from making worn-out and barren lands yield bounteous crops to supplying the buttons on our coats. If all of these by-products were suddenly striken from commerce the void would astound the world and the result would be everywhere considered a dire public calamity.

At the Industry's Cradle

"WASTE NOT" is the packers' creed, and his scientific faithfulness to it—inspired by self-interest—is actually one of the most fruitful sources of economic advantage to the people of the civilized world thus far brought about by the aid of the laboratory of the scientist.

Let us see just how much this by-product utilization means to the grower and the consumer of food animals as well as the people in general.

In the old times packing was done in the winter. The first change in method was the use of ice and the commencement of summer packing. This started in hog-packing, but, with the introduction of the refrigerator car, beef was killed largely in the summer. About this time some of the packers adopted the method of packing and shipping meats in tin cans. The refrigerator car permitted beef to be killed near where it was grown, as it was cheaper

(Continued on Page 19)

"THIRTY"

By William Allen White

IN THE afternoon, between two and three o'clock, the messenger-boy from the telegraph-office brings over the final sheet of the day's report of the Associated Press. Always at the end is the signature "Thirty." That tells us that the report is closed for the day. Just why "Thirty" should be used to indicate the close of the day's work no one seems to know. It is the custom. They do so in telegraph-offices all over the country, and in the newspaper business "Thirty" stands for the end so significantly that whenever a printer or a reporter dies his associates generally feel called upon to have a floral emblem made with the figures in the centre. It is therefore entirely proper that these sketches of life in a country town, seen through a reporter's eyes, should close with the symbolic word. But how to close? That is the question.

When the Baptist Church Needs a New Roof, Jim is the Cinderella of the Occasion

Sitting here by the office window, with the smell of the ink in one's nostrils, and the steady, monotonous clatter of the linotypes in the ears, and the whirring of the shafting from the press-room in the basement throbbing through one's nerves, with the very material realization of the office around one, it seems as though such a small part of it, and of the life about it, has been set down in these sketches. Passing the office window every moment is some one with a story that should be told. Every human life, if one could know it well and translate it into language, has in it the making of a great story. It is because we are blind that we pass men and women around us, heedless of the tragic quality of their lives. If every man, or woman, could understand that all other human lives are as full of sorrows, of joys, of base temptations, of heartaches and remorse as his own, which he thinks so peculiarly isolated from the web of life, how much kinder, how much gentler he would be! And how much richer life would be for all of us! Life is dull to no one. But life seems dull to those dull persons who think life is dull for others, and who see only the drab and gray shades in the woof that is woven about them.

Here in our town are ten thousand people, and yet these sketches have told of less than twoscore of them. In the town are thousands of others quite as interesting as those of whom we have written. A few minutes ago Jim Huddleson rode by on his hack. There is no reason why others should be advertised of men and Jim left out; for Jim is the proudest man in town.

He came here when the town was young, and was president of the Anti-Horse-Thief League in the days before it became an emeritus institution, when it was a power in politics and named the Sheriff as a matter of right and of course.

Jim has never let the fact that he kept a livery-stable and drove a hack interfere with his position as leading citizen. He keeps a livery-stable, because that is his business, and he drives a hack because he cannot trust such a valuable piece of property in the hands of the boy. But when the street fair is to be put on, or the baseball team financed, or when the Baptist Church needs a new roof, or the petitions are to be circulated for a bond election, Jim Huddleson gets down from his hack, puts on his crystal slipper and is the Cinderella of the occasion. That is why, when young men go in Jim's hack to take young women to parties and dances, they always invite Jim in to sit by the fire and get warm while the girls are primping. That is why, when young Ben Mercer, just home from five years of Harvard, offered Jim a "tip" over the usual twenty-five-cent fare, Jim quietly took off his coat and whipped young Ben where he stood—and the town lined up for an hour, each man eager for the privilege of contributing ten cents to the popular subscription to pay old Jim's fine and costs in the police-court.

Following Jim Huddleson on his hack past the office window came Bill Harrison, once extra brakeman on the Dry Creek Branch, just promoted to be conductor on the main line, and so full of vainglory in his exalted position that he wears his brass buttons on freight trains. Bill's wife signs his pay-check and doles out his cigar money, a quarter at a time, and when he asks for a dollar, she looks at him as if she suspected him of leading a double life. It is her ambition to live in Topeka, for "there are so many conductors in Topeka," she says, "that society is not so mixed"—as it is in our town, where she complains that the switchmen and the firemen and the student-brakemen dominate society. Once a cigar salesman from Kansas City got on Bill's train and offered a lead dollar for fare.

"I can't take this," protested Bill, emphasizing the "I," because his job was new.

"Well, then, you might just turn that one over to the company," responded the drummer.

And when the head brakeman told it in the yards, Bill had to fuss with his wife for two days to get money for a box of cigars to stop the trouble.

As these lines were being written, Miss Littleton came into the office with a notice for the Missionary Society. She has been teaching school in town for thirty years and is not so cheerful as she was once. For a long time the board has considered dismissing her. But it continues to change her around from building to building and from room to room, and to keep her out of sheer pity. And she knows it. There is tragedy enough in her story to fill a book. Yet she looks as humdrum as you please, and smiles so gayly as she puts down her notice that one thinks perhaps she is trying to dispel the impression that she is cross and impatient with the children.

On the other side of the street, upstairs in his dusty real-estate office, with tin placards of insurance companies on the wall, and gaudy calendars tacked everywhere, Silas Buckner stands at the window counting the liars and scoundrels, and double-dealers and villains, and thieves and swindlers who pass. Since Silas was defeated for Register of Deeds he has become a pessimist. He has soured on the town, and when he sees a man, Silas thinks only of the evil that man has done. Silas knows all men's weaknesses and forgets their strength, and looking down from the window hates his fellow-creatures for the wrong they have done him, or the wickedness that he knows of them. He has never given our reporters a kindly item of news since he was turned down, but if there is a discreditable story on any citizen going around we hear it first from Silas, and if we do not print it he says we have taken hush money. If we have to print it, he says we are stirring up strife. Seeing him over there, looking down on the town which to him is accursed, we have often thought how weary God must be looking at the world and knowing so much better than Silas the weakness and iniquity of men. And we have wondered if sin were really so important as Silas thinks it is, for with Silas sin is a blot that effaces a man's soul. But maybe God sees sin only as a blemish that men may overcome. Perhaps God is not so discouraged with us as Silas is. But life is a puzzle at most.

Counting the Liars and Scoundrels and Double-Dealers and Villains Who Pass

Last night Aaron Marlin died. He has lived for ninety years in this world, and has seen much and suffered much, and died as a child turns to sleep. It was quiet and still at his home among the elms as he lay in his coffin, and inside the mourners spoke in low and solemn tones, and the blinds were drawn as if death were shy. As he lay there in the great hush that was over the house, there passed before it on the sidewalk two who spoke as low as the mourners, though they were oblivious to the house of death. They trod slowly, and a great calm was on their souls. And one of the scribes who sets down these lines stood in the shadow of the doorway pine-tree and saw the lovers passing, and felt the silence and the sorrow behind the door he was about to enter. And there he stood wondering—between Death and Love—the End and the Beginning of God's great mystery of Life. And so, with the sense of that great mystery upon him, with all of this pied skein of life about him, he puts down his pen, and looks out of the window, as the thread winds down the street.

For "Thirty" is in for the day.

With a Notice for the Missionary Society

Time Enough

GEORGE HARVEY, the famous restaurant keeper of Washington, was walking through his dining-room one day. An angry statesman accosted him.

"Here, Harvey," he said, "this place is no good."

"What's the matter?" inquired Harvey.

"Why, I ordered some cold roast beef thirty minutes ago and I haven't got it yet."

"How long ago?"

"Thirty minutes."

"Good gracious," said Harvey, "I'll have to see about that. It should be cold by this time."

THE WAY HE WON HER

A Story of the Princess Charming and the Beggar Lad

By GEORGE HIBBARD

THE Princess, dressed in white samite with a gleaming envelopment of richest taffeta about her, descended from the automobile. Over her golden locks was wound a scarf of such a wondrous texture that it might be passed through a ring to be worn on the little finger. The glass slippers were concealed for the moment by small silken shoon edged with the rarest fur brought from the frozen realms of the Arctic king. Even in such disguise her surpassing grace and beauty were not to be eclipsed, but appeared, in spite of it, with all royal charm and loveliness. If pearls did not drop from her rosy mouth, it was because they were very securely fixed behind her vermeil lips. Absolutely the reason that her words did not set silver bells a-ringing was that she did not happen to be saying anything at the moment.

This, at the least, was the way all seemed to Jack Mason.

Alone she tripped up the long tunnel of strange striped stuff illuminated at intervals by the most brilliant kerosene lamps. To be sure, the Queen Mother accompanied her. This august personage, however, did not wear the monarchical insignia, but was simply dressed in robes of state consisting of a skirt of blue satin overhung with blue and silver lace and a bodice of the same material embroidered with what might have appeared to be silver caterpillars and grasshoppers. She displayed all the air of stern disapproval which such a one is always expected to exhibit on all occasions.

The Princess disappeared, as if the earth had swallowed her, round a canvas corner.

"That's she," muttered Mason with absolute and sudden conviction, coming to a complete standstill. "And I believe that I might as well make up my mind right here that 'there's only one girl in this world for me,'" he added as he started in pursuit of the small royal party up the tortuous labyrinth.

For an instant he had not breathed. His heart beat absurdly. His spirits seemed lifted in strange exaltation. Manifold symptoms made clear the fact that something extraordinary had taken place.

"Me—to her," he announced to himself definitely. "No matter the odds—I play to win."

Since his arrival in her father's kingdom, she had been far away across the seas. Not that any one but he recognized that she was a Princess, or that her parent, who in fact possessed an immense political "pull" and was described as a "financial magnate," had anything to do with sovereign rank. Mason, however, was not to be deceived, and the moment his eyes rested upon her he knew the truth. He had heard of her. He had often noticed the big graystone Renaissance château in Mohegan Avenue as he walked down town in the morning, or returned in the evening to his rooms in the University Club. At sight of her he recognized instantly and perfectly what she was, and understood that, although the place in which they were might appear to others to be an every-day American city, with a post-office of the first class, in reality it was something very different. Suddenly it became a part of the wonderful world of fable and fantasy; of youth and adventure; of glory and beauty to be won; of great deeds to be achieved and great good to be accomplished; a splendid glittering region of castles in the air—and in Spain—where all was possible and even probable; a midsummer's dreamland country of enchanted woods and magic mountains; the land of Fortunatus' cap, of Aladdin's lamp, of Arthur's Excalibur and—Mambrino's helmet. Not that he described the locality in that fashion to himself. He merely felt that life was very marvelous and the universe a rainbow-tinted spectacle of great brilliancy and allurement.

In the golden ballroom, where the violins and hautboys and sackbuts and bassoons were making the most enchanting music, he watched her swim over the polished floor in the quick measure of a "two-step."

"To know her!" he communed with himself, becoming more convinced with every glance that she was the most beautiful Princess that there was in the whole world.

Just then a remarkable thing happened. As she sped past him, by some curious mischance she dropped the big bunch of violets she held. It fell directly at his feet. She paused as she noticed her loss; and as he sprang forward, picked it up and handed it to her, she received it smiling.

"Thank you." And she looked as if she wished to speak his name if only she possessed the knowledge of it.

"Oh!" said her partner with rare presence of mind. "Miss Brown, will you let me present Mr. Mason—a great friend of mine?"

Later, in a bower of pines and palms and smilax and roses in the corner under the gallery, they rested after she had "split" the fourth dance to give him a "turn."

"I made up my mind I should talk to you," he declared boldly. "I said it to myself the moment I saw you. And now I am with you," he concluded, overcome with the wonder of it.

"How nice of you," she murmured gratefully. "A man can do anything he wants to do," she continued as she glanced at him quickly, while a queer, swift smile for just a moment bent her perfect lips.

The next day for him was a day of reaction. Resolutions about winning a Princess are easy to form, but seen in the cold, bright light of a snowy winter morning, as one trudges down before nine o'clock to sit at a desk in a law-office, they afford but little promise of hope. He had not the great advantage of being able at the best dramatic moment to throw back his cloak and declare himself the Crown Prince and Heir Apparent to the Kingdom of Paphlagonia. The best he could do was to point to a slowly, very slowly growing law practice. He would forget her. Probably he should not see her again. His presence at the ball was a mere accident in his hardworking days and nights. Such a glorious, unapproachable, high and mighty person as herself would not be likely often to come in his way.

At that instant a thrilling tintinnabulation aroused him.

"Yes," he said, picking up the black receiver. "Oh, Mrs. Morris! Come to dinner on Thursday evening? Dreadfully sorry, I have so much to do I cannot possibly. Awfully good of you and Norrie to insist. You know there's nothing I should like so much. Just yourselves and one or two others? Who? Oh!—Miss Brown! A great friend of yours? She is—yes, she is perfectly beautiful. I could say more than that. Why, if you are so kind. Perhaps I *could* manage it. Yes, half-past seven on Thursday."

Now, some great enchanter, Merlin or another, had by his necromancy so brought it about that our hero had received the wonderful summons. Myriad threads of gossamer, reaching from house to house through the city, enabled those who possessed the conjuration—at five dollars a month and unlimited messages—to know what each other was thinking. As Mason hung up the receiver, he looked up into a room which seemed to have widened in the most amazing manner, and out through his high window into a world transformed with a flood of golden light from the setting sun which just then broke from under a cloud.

The Norris Morrises lived in an enchanting "bijou" residence—for they had only been married a year and a half—where one coming through the front door into the hall had to execute a skillful piece of acting in order not to appear conscious of seeing the host and hostess as he took off his overcoat. Otherwise, to make a formal entrance into the drawing-room was difficult. Everything was as new and fresh as if it had been given to them by a fairy godmother as well as by friends, and uncles, and aunts, and cousins, and bridesmaids, and a best man. There was only room for Mason and the Princess and another pair of young people—to whom little Mrs. "Norrie" Morris "owed" a dinner—with whom she and "Norrie" could talk afterward.

Naturally, Mason did not sit next to the Princess, but the great distance of across the dinner-table away from her. With the unusual number of chairs, the small maid could with difficulty squeeze between the backs and the sideboard. However, though separated in this tactful and conventional manner, they managed to reach a number of subjects which would require discussion and elucidation later. In the hall the Morris quarter-grand harpsichord stood with its stubby tail almost touching the hat-rack. Beside this Mason seated himself when the men filed in from the contiguous dining-room.

The Princess was playing with a most charming skill and catholic taste which included Tschaikowsky and "Teasing."

"I felt I should never see you again," he began, "though of course I knew that it was not possible for me to live in the same place and let a long time go by without doing it."

"You thought that?" she responded, as carelessly her fingers strayed over the keys into something louder.

"Here I am," he continued joyfully, "and there you are—or better, here we are. I was sure that I'd bring it about in some way."

"Of course, girls are—helpless," she murmured.

"You hadn't forgotten who I was?"

"In such a long time?" she laughed softly and mockingly. "I might have done it."

"Then," he declared with decision, "it's up to me to see that you don't have the chance again."

She merely glanced at him and then became absorbed in an intricate bit of fingering.

"Don't come on Sunday afternoon, when every one else is there," she said suddenly after a silence during which she solved the difficult problem of technique—"Some afternoon in the week. And you had better telephone. Oh!" she hurried on, "it was so good that you were a friend of the Morrises!"

"Awfully nice of them to invite me," replied Mason gratefully, "when they never have before. I was a little surprised, though, that they did it in this way out of a clear sky. And to ask me with—you."

"Why," said the Princess deliberately, "Constance told me that she was going to have this little dinner the afternoon after the ball when I came here."

The next thing, they quarreled. Not that evening. Not the next day or the next week. The difference was serious.

Great preparations were under way at the Palace. The orders had gone forth to prepare for a great festivity. Not every day does a Princess have a birthday—and a twenty-first birthday. Five hundred invitations were forthwith despatched. All the "old friends" who antedated the Princess' christening were bidden, and all the "new people" who had come on since that time. The elders were asked

"Perhaps I *Could* Manage it. Yes, Half-past Seven on Thursday"

from "nine to eleven," but in a corner "Dancing" held out promise and hope to the youngest débutante. The banqueting-boards would have groaned, if they had not been so solidly constructed, under the richly sauced salmon; beneath the boneless turkeys; with the luculent aspics and the richest patés. All the royal silver decorated the table—with a large amount from the purveyor's. In the centre a bank of roses almost reached the chandelier.

The two drawing-rooms had been entirely cleared of their inlaid tables and brocaded chairs, of their scattered leopard and bear skins. The orchestra was hidden in the vestibule of the closed front door behind a grove of palms. Every fireplace was a bower of ferns. With such preparation, the importance of the ceremony became manifest. With a command from the Palace, to be present at Court on such a night was a duty.

At six o'clock came a frantic note from Mason stating that he had received a telegram from a college chum with whom he had been on the "team." They had not seen each other for three years, and the dispatch announced that his friend would arrive on the Magic Carpet Limited at 10:40; that he intended to stop over until the Hippogriff Express left at 3:10 A.M., and that he wished Mason to meet him. Therefore the missive stated in doleful terms that the writer could not be present at the birthday celebration that night.

The next afternoon, when Mason crossed the gravel of the drive and rang, she was not in. Whereupon he tramped dejectedly up the Avenue and in the evening smoked much more than was good for his nerves. At nine he was unable to endure the suspense. Consequently, he had recourse to the necromantic means of communication already mentioned.

"West—One-Nine-Two."

Something appeared to be wrong with the exorcism, for he was obliged to repeat in more peremptory tones:

"Yes—yes! West—One-Nine-Two!"

During a delay in space in obeying his call, his face wore a strained and anxious expression.

"Yes!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Is Miss Brown at home? Yes! Will you ask Miss Brown if Mr. Mason may speak to her?"

Again a stage wait.

"What is that? Miss Brown says that she is very busy? You will receive the message?"

The talisman was put down with a violence that so disturbed its mystic qualities that a man was obliged to come the next day to see about it.

A period of restless activity followed. Try as he might, he could find her nowhere. He oddly missed her on every occasion. The houses which she frequented the most were not blessed with her presence, at least at the hours when he was in the habit of visiting them. Any inquiry at the Castle in the afternoon or evening was always met by the announcement from the striped-waistcoated servitor, or his superior, the black-vested seneschal, that Miss Brown was out. The malicious genii did their work well. She had completely vanished.

He was not to be foiled. There must be moments, he argued, when, by some counter-spell, he could dissipate the cloud concealing her. There must be some superior magic which could overthrow the invisible barrier keeping her from him. He thought of this one day as he jogged, on account of his horse's feet, along the grass by the side of the road. The one extravagance which he permitted himself was the steed on which he regularly rode out for exercise through the Park and into the country every afternoon after work, rain or shine, mud or snow. Between five and six, when he did not call at the Castle, he trotted past the Country Club, rarely stopping. Now, as he looked ahead over the familiar road, he beheld an unfamiliar object. Not that the thing itself was so unusual, for in the age in which he lived devil-wagons were almost as numerous as perambulators. Still, the fact that a dragon-chaise should be standing motionless in the highway, though again failing to be in any way remarkable, was at least noteworthy.

As he drew up his panting barb, she turned and cast over the tonneau an appealing glance toward him.

"Oh, you!" she exclaimed in seeming dismay, her helpless expression changing to one of repelling hauteur.

"Yes," he replied, jumping down, "and glad enough, too! I've been searching for you as if you were the Golden Fleece, or a needle in a haystack. Where have you been? What is the matter?"

"Which question do you want answered first?" she replied, smiling happily. "Well—for the last. The ignition is wrong, or the transmission has broken down, or the counterpoint is crooked, or the chiaroscuro is loose, or its inward consciousness is out of order. You know that I hate to take out the chauffeur, so I am left smiling like Patience on—an automobile."

"It's an ill automobile," he responded briskly, "that does not bring somebody some good. I've found you, and you must listen to me."

"Don't!" she implored, holding up her hand. "Now, as you say you have found me, I want to make a confession. I never thought I should say it—that my pride would let me. I never, never, never was going to see you or speak to you again. My birthday, and not to come! I might as well tell you that I have been doing all I could to keep out of your way until now—you see!" she made a despairing gesture, indicating the immobile automobile. "I was wrong—entirely wrong! Of course, you had to meet your friend. I should have recognized it, and I do now. I should not have had you do anything else. You must understand——"

"What?" he implored as she paused.

"I wanted you to come so much," she resumed slowly; "that was the reason."

"It is all right now," he exclaimed gleefully. "I have had a bad quarter of a month, though. Let us find out what is wrong with the car."

"Then it's All Right!" He Cried Exultingly

"Do you know about them?" she demanded in astonishment.

"As much as any one can know about their cussed psychology," he answered, promptly abasing himself before the machine.

An expression of dismay, almost of fright, appeared upon the Princess' rosy visage.

"Never mind," she enjoined hurriedly, "if you will only ride on and telephone."

"Let me try what I can do," he responded, rising from between the wheels.

He touched a lever here, a pin there. Next, going to the front, he proceeded to "crank" the engine with a skill and vigor which promptly brought an answering rattle, rumble and roar from the interior.

"Why, it's all right!" he cried, looking up.

"So it is!" she said in apparently the greatest wonder. "Oh, how stupid I am! I thought I knew about all the inner workings of the creature. Pride goeth before a fall, and this is an awful tumble for mine. To think of my sitting here, when, if I had known, I might have been going all the time! Oh, it's entirely ridiculous, a perfect joke!"

She laughed with a certain nervous hollowness.

The period of anxiety had its effect. The torment through which he had passed did its work. If the impossibility of the vision in which he had indulged himself had at moments struck a chill to his heart, that was forgotten. In the joy of the sudden reconciliation all was bright again. The winter's sunshine had a new brilliancy. The sparrows, as he went down town in the morning, caroled like larks. As he came up in the evening, the hurdygurdies played the most exhilarating music, which set his heart throbbing. All day long he whistled in a way which would have caused the clerk, if he had been in control and Mason had been in his position, to request him politely but firmly to desist.

Still doubt and hesitation beset him. To be sure, he had sworn to win her. Certainly, he had striven to do this after a manner which left him no reason to reproach himself, and with a success, so far, which at moments astonished him. Yet she was the Princess and he the beggar at the gates. He remembered something about a Queen and a ring and a pane of glass and one who wrote that he fain would rise, yet feared to fall. Well, he feared to take the step, to say the word which might shatter the world in which he lived, bring the glittering pinnacle of his hope tumbling down upon him. And so day followed day.

Suddenly, the Picture appeared—as if from the air; as if springing in a moment from forbidding space; a portent; an ill omen; a warning and a threat. He discovered the photograph in the silver frame on her particular desk in her very own corner of the music-room which she used as a sort of formal boudoir for the reception of the favored and the intimate. He—the original of the portrait—was good-looking, distressingly good-looking, with a dark and melancholy air, such as might be supposed to take a girl's fancy, with an appearance, too, of distinction and command which were decidedly interesting. When she entered, she appeared smilingly unconscious of the apparition. He was as restlessly and as inimically aware of it.

"Who—who is that?" he asked, unable to withhold the question, and throwing all thought of possible impropriety to the winds.

She blushed—she distinctly blushed—at least, she glanced away unmistakably with an alarmed elusiveness. Unavoidably he formed conclusions. As inevitably they were of the most harrowing nature.

"Such a charming man," she answered with an unconcerned demeanor. "He was in Europe when mamma and I were there."

The prospect darkened. A horrid roaring was in his ears. The transformation scene was working backward, all the glittering spectacle turning into a dismal desert, harmless, smiling objects becoming dreadful, threatening monsters. The rival had appeared. He could not doubt it. As he pounded down the snowy Avenue on his way to the club, he stalked amid the distressing ruin of a glorious past.

The next day she was gone. He learned it when he appeared before the Palace on the following afternoon: gone as if she had been carried off by the goblins of darkness. "Out of town" was what he was told at the door. He thought of asking for the Queen Mother. On consideration, he hurried off to see little Mrs. "Norrie" Morris.

"Where is she?" he demanded, fairly bursting into the drawing-room, where, on the low table, the lamp burned mystically with a blue flame under the small silver kettle.

"What—where—when?" implored little Mrs. Morris. "Take my money or my life, but spare my c-h-i-l-d! Oh, you say you want to know about Janet?"

"Yes," he demanded breathlessly.

"Gone to stay with the Lindsleys at their country place. I had a letter from her this morning. I should not let you see it, but I will."

Avidly then his eyes devoured the words on the page she outstretched to him:

"I'm off to toboggan and skate and snowshoe and snowball with a party at the Oaks. I do not know that I should go—if—well—if I did not know that some one would be there. For that reason you are to be particularly sure not to show this note to or say anything to a certain person who shall be nameless, because he might start off at once to find me. He has seen a photograph and has ideas about it—and if he thought the original were here in the house——"

Little Mrs. Morris watched him with amused eyes.

"There must be a train in an hour at least," he said, looking up.

Slowly winding his way down a hill, a solitary traveler gathered his fur coat closer about him and grasped his dress-suit case more firmly in his hand. The night was falling fast. The first snow was doing the same. The country was frozen to a hardness which caused the path to resemble a road of rusted iron. In the distance the lights of a great mansion gleamed through the leafless trees—the spreading structure massing darkly against the clear, pale-green sky. Steadily he tramped on, the fine flakes sifting down on his square shoulders and erect head. Suddenly he came to a complete standstill.

(Concluded on Page 15)

SEEKING INVESTMENT

Mr. Richard Dubble Rescues a Pair of Struggling Industries

By GEORGE CARLING

"No More Lies! I Know the Whole Thievish Scheme From Start to Finish"

ANOTHER good ad. for the American Dynamo Company!" exclaimed Rainsford with disgust, as he tossed aside a newspaper. "Lights at Marsland's went out again last night! Dynamo broke down. Dick, why don't you take my stock off my hands and reorganize that concern? It's rotten the way it is!"

I laughed a little. "You'd make a poor drummer, Rainsford. That's not a very tempting introduction to a stock sale. What's the matter with the concern, anyway?"

"All in the management, Dick. Their patents are good. There is no question about that. But there's something wrong with the manufacture. I don't know where it is, and if I did know I couldn't do anything. There's a clique running things, and my little block of stock don't count for much."

That's the trouble with many men. They accept the "Is" because it is, and make no effort to attain the "Should be." This was a noble thought and I made a note of it, to embody in my next lecture before the Seringford Improvement Association. "How much have you?" I inquired.

"Two thousand shares."

"What's the capitalization?"

"One million dollars six per cent. bonds and ten thousand shares common stock."

"Two thousand shares out of ten thousand don't give much of a pull!" I observed. "I don't see that I can do anything."

"Think it over, Dick. You can practically set your own price. It's all in the family, anyway."

There is always something very alluring in a matter of this kind. The splendid problems of combination, of reorganization, of wresting success from failure, of doing what other men fail to do, have far higher and nobler incentives than that of profit. So I made some inquiries about the company, without, however, getting much light to guide me, until I was providentially led to an interview with Shackleford.

He came into my bank one morning, and after beating around the bush for a while, offered to sell me some bonds of the Dynamo Company. I at once refused to take hold of them, but sympathetically encouraged him to talk, and he soon lost sight of his desire to sell, in his tale of troubles.

"Every dollar I have in the world, Mr. Dubble, is in these bonds. And those old chumps are running things so that I'd not be surprised to see the interest defaulted next time. Confound them! They've got a good thing—the best dynamo in the United States! I know that. But they're running it into the ground with their fool policy. Excuse my language, Mr. Dubble, but my blood boils when I think of what I've got to lose through it all!"

He certainly had not been sparing of strong terms, but in my desire for knowledge I had to take the bad with the good, so I did not remonstrate with him.

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asked.

"Trouble!" he ejaculated. Then he choked hard to keep back another flood of profanity. "Trouble! They've got the best dynamo in the world, and they're trying to build it with a lot of tracklayers and tinker's helpers. There isn't a decent machinist in the shops. Greene, the superintendent, has a fool theory that no mechanic should get over twenty-five cents an hour; and the shop is filled with bums—just simply bums! They're scrapping more stuff than they're shipping, and the profits are in those scrap-heaps—that's where they are!"

"Don't the directors look into that, Mr. Shackleford?"

"The directors! They're dummies—simply dummies! President Langeville owns the whole business and Greene is his son-in-law—and there's the whole cussed story! Langeville believes in the 'twenty-five cent' theory, too. Says that the safety of the country demands that a check-valve shall be placed upon the growing greed of the working-man! I wish I owned stock instead of bonds. I'd get up a voting combination which would show these chuckle-headed public benefactors" (it wasn't just "chuckle-headed" that he said) "that they're not the whole show. But I've got bonds and I've got to sit down and watch them depreciate in value without having a word to say about the management."

"What are they worth now?" I inquired.

"The last quotation was fifty-three."

"I don't see how they could run down to that," I said. "The security must have been poor, in the first place."

"It was not!" Shackleford stoutly asserted. "The bond issue was based largely upon their patents—and the patents were good! They are good to-day, but we're not getting the benefit of them. The plums are ripe and ready to pick, but these—er—well—these fellows are knocking 'em down with clubs—and the plums are all scrap!"

"So you think you could form a combination with other stockholders and vote in a new board of directors?'

"I'm sure of it, Mr. Dubble, if my bonds carried voting power!"

"Then you would probably be willing to exchange your bonds for stock."

"On a fair basis, yes!"

I thought it over for a few minutes. A man thinks rapidly at such times—and my mind was soon made up.

He Certainly Had Not Been Sparing of Strong Terms, but in My Desire for Knowledge I Had to Take the Bad with the Good

"I think, Mr. Shackleford, that I can find a man who would be willing to exchange perhaps two thousand shares, on a basis of two to one."

"Two hundred dollars in stock for one hundred in bonds, eh?"

"Exactly."

He talked about it for a while, trying to make better terms, but finally agreed to the proposition.

That evening I told Rainsford that I would buy his stock at twenty. He had told me that I could set my own price, but he looked a little blank at the twenty.

"All right, Dick, you can have it, but you're getting a good bargain, as usual!"

"There'll be no bargain in it until I have done a good deal of thinking and working," I retorted. "And I shall want you to help me when I get a little further along."

"Anything in reason, Dick; I'm getting old and fighting shy of excitement, or you wouldn't get that stock—but any quiet little matter I'm ready to help on."

"This will be quiet enough!" I said with a laugh. "It'll have to be quiet."

Within the next day or two the transfers were made and I became the possessor of Shackleford's bonds to the face value of one hundred thousand dollars—which cost me forty thousand, cash. No doubt, any of my business acquaintances in Toonsville—if they had known of this transaction—would have looked upon me as insane for putting that sum into a concern which was judged to be approaching bankruptcy. Yet it was with this small investment of forty thousand dollars that I hoped to secure control of the two-million-dollar company. "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

It was now October, and the fiscal year of the Dynamo Company ended in February. In four months, therefore, the bond interest would become due, and—I confidently expected—would be defaulted. It gave me fair time for the development of the first steps of my plan. Shackleford seemed somewhat elated over his acquisition of stock, and I gathered that he figured on combining with other stockholders to upset the existing management. I had but little fear that he would succeed. His manner was forceful, but not convincing. However, I found an opportunity to give President Langeville a pointer on the matter, trusting to him to block any such plans for the present. I did not want Shackleford butting in with any readjustment schemes until I was ready to take the lead.

I now called on my father-in-law, Rainsford, for the little assistance he had agreed to give me. "I want," said I, "to buy the controlling interest in the Toonsville Engine Company."

"What?" he exclaimed, after staring at me a few moments in surprise. "You're all the time doing queer things, Dick, but this is the queerest yet! That concern is in worse shape than the Dynamo Company."

"I generally make the queer things pay, don't I?"

"Well, yes. But this looks reckless, Dick!"

"I've looked carefully into their affairs," I replied. "They make a good engine, but it costs them too much. They're digging along with old tools and equipment. If all that was overhauled, they'd make fair profits."

Rainsford shook his head dubiously.

"Their stock is down to eighteen, Dick! At least, I was offered a block of it at that figure, this week. That tells the story!"

"It's an interesting story to me," I retorted. "I should not be buying in if it was not as low as that. Now, they have out a half million preferred stock and a half million common. That's the total capital. I want all the preferred and as much of the common as will give me control—say six thousand shares in all. I've got quite a block of it already. Had chances to pick it up lately. And I want you to get around quietly after some more. If I look for it myself, they'll be putting up the price—and I don't intend to give over twenty, or twenty-two at the outside."

"I guess you can get all you want at that figure," replied Rainsford with a laugh. "The stock is scattered in small lots and the holders are pretty well disgusted. If you've got to have it, I'll look it up willingly."

"If I don't get it," I said, "the forty thousand I've put into Dynamo won't be worth fifty cents on the dollar!"

Rainsford laughed knowingly and said: "Never had that experience yet, have you, Dick?"

So that matter was settled, and in course of the next three months I had got hold of the larger part of the preferred stock and a good block of the common—complete control, in fact. It cost me an average of twenty dollars per share, so that my investment in this company amounted to about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

I have found that there is usually, in an operation involving promotion or reorganization, an anxious period of waiting for something or somebody—for some one to make up his mind, or for somebody else to get back to his office, or for some arbitrary date to arrive—which pulls hard on the nerves. It may be a very short period, or the sum involved may be small, but the trouble is almost always there, and calls for the exercise of that patience, and faith in self, which is so requisite to success. The scheme on which I was now engaged was much in the nature of an experiment, and I looked forward with eagerness for the annual report of the Dynamo Company. Upon this hinged all my success!

At last it came! And as I hoped and expected it showed that the earnings were not sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds. The payment was defaulted! I think it came as a surprise to most of the smaller men. Langeville had always dominated the company's affairs, keeping so cheerful a face over them up to the last moment that I sometimes thought that he was himself unaware of the true condition of affairs. For the previous year or two he had been hungry for public recognition, and had probably paid more attention to his philanthropic societies and art gatherings, his literary feasts and musicales—with a little high-grade politics mixed in—than to the proper manufacture and sale of dynamos. He had been the leader in all these matters in Toonsville while his leadership of the big company was tottering. And he didn't seem to know it!

But it came over him now, unmistakably. Without a moment's hesitation, I notified the officials of my intention, as one of the bondholders, to commence foreclosure suit at once. It is true that my interest was not large, but often a small body will make up in velocity what it lacks in weight. It was so in this case. Langeville, ignoring a meeting of the Toonsville Ethnological Association, came to my office bursting with—er—righteous indignation, I believe he called it.

He was a tall, erect man, with gray hair and mustache, and a somewhat military bearing. (He had been a colonel on the Governor's staff for one term.) He refused the chair I offered him and commenced:

"We have received a communication from you, Mr. Dubble, announcing your intention to commence suit for foreclosure on your mortgage bonds. Is it possible that a man as largely interested in the industries of our town as yourself—as conscious as you must be that the success of those industries means the prosperity of the town, and the development of the better life of the people—could be so inconsiderate as to take such a step as you propose without first consulting me?"

I saw in a moment that if we were ever to come down to business I should have to take the lead. Langeville was noted for his verbosity on "conditions."

"Mr. Langeville," I said, "you have handled the American Dynamo Company for over six years. During that time it has paid no dividends on its stock, and the bond interest is now defaulted. Am I the only man who is showing impatience under all this?"

"You are the first man who has ever hinted at smashing the company, Mr. Dubble!" he retorted fiercely.

"There always has to be a first man, Mr. Langeville. Now, you probably have some proposition to make. You wouldn't have come to me simply to reproach me for taking steps to protect my investment!"

"I came to you, Mr. Dubble, to remind you that my investment is more than five times as great as yours—that I have been instrumental in building up that industry—that my time and money have been poured into it unstintedly—and that it would have been only courteous of you to have consulted with me on the proper steps to take, at this unfortunate juncture, to protect both our bondholders and our stockholders."

If I had not seen that I could make use of the old gentleman, I should certainly have terminated the interview at once. Such an assumption of absurd dignity ill becomes a non-successful man.

"What else have you to present?" I demanded. "What plan is there which will give this protection—which will make a better showing in the future than we have had in the past?"

He winced at this, and I saw that if he kept his temper I should soon have him in a reasonable frame of mind

He Dropped His Head on His Hands and was Silent for a Few Moments

He walked around for a minute; then took the chair he had previously declined, saying, with a little hesitation:

"I am not prepared, at this moment, to outline any—er—definite plan. No doubt, if a few of us—the principal bond and stock holders—got together and calmly and dispassionately discussed the matter, the clouds would roll away—a successful solution of the problem would appear."

That was Langeville! Whatever he may have been in the past, he was now vacillating. "Talking things over" was his chief resource. I, Dubble, think and act

I adopted his own metaphor. "I see the break in the clouds now, Mr. Langeville. In place of this two-million-dollar company, I see one of four millions. I see a plant twice the size of this, with up-to-date equipment and machinery—with a productive capacity which, rightly managed, will bring bounteous dividends to both bonds and stocks—which will raise the quotations from the miserable figures of to-day to the golden realms of par. I see William H. Langeville president of this great and successful corporation!"

I had him now, all right! He gasped a little, trying hard to preserve his dignity.

"Why! What's this? What do you mean, Mr. Dubble?"

"You use engines in connection with many of the dynamos you contract for?" I inquired.

"Yes, certainly!"

"You have bought many from the Toonsville Engine Company?"

"Yes, we have. They make a good engine—very steady and efficient. But I want to say, Mr. Dubble, that it has been my great ambition to build our own engines. I have been expecting that, when the psychological moment came, we would endeavor to make arrangements for additional capital to go into that."

There it was again! "Endeavor to make arrangements . . . when the psychological moment came!" Nothing earnest, nothing decisive! No wonder the man had failed! My experience in life has shown me that the psychological moment is almost always the moment which the other man neglects—and you, yourself, seize upon.

"The way seems clear," I went on, "for a consolidation of the two companies. Suppose we form a new company and issue one million and a half of bonds and two millions of stock. The Dynamo Company will take the new bonds in exchange for their old ones. That will absorb one million. The other half million we will sell—the funds to be used for improvements The stock will go to the Toonsville Engine Company—they will take two shares of new for one of old. They have no bonds."

"Just repeat that, Mr. Dubble," he said after a long pause.

I did so. He looked puzzled.

"Where do our stockholders come in? What provision is there for them?"

I looked at him keenly. The crucial moment had arrived. I knew there would be a struggle, but I had little fear of the outcome.

"They will not come in at all, Mr. Langeville. They will have to be dropped."

He stared a moment in bewilderment. Then he drew himself up. The old assumption of dignity had returned.

"You are much mistaken in me, Mr. Dubble, if you imagine that I will lend myself to such a scheme—even if it were practicable," he added a little feebly.

"It's the only practicable plan there is!" I retorted. "The Toonsville Company will not come in on any other basis. I can assure you of that."

"But our people!" he insisted. "Our stockholders! They will never submit to this. It is outrageous!"

"They are powerless, Mr Langeville, utterly powerless! I will continue my foreclosure suit. You are the heaviest bondholder. If you don't fight it the others will not, and there can be but one result: an order of sale. The new company will buy in, and will only pay what it has to—the amount of the mortgage which secures the bonds. There'll be nothing left for the stockholders, and they can do nothing. It will save you and the other bondholders. That's the best we can do. Under such a conservative reorganization plan as this, the new bonds will go quickly to eighty, or even par!"

He dropped his head on his hands and was silent for a few moments. When he raised it, his cheeks were pale and his lower lip quivered, I think.

"Dubble," he said hoarsely, "do you know just where our stock is held?"

"I do not. I have not been interested in it."

"When this company was formed," he continued, "the stock was mostly taken up by men in the neighborhood. They were loyal to their town and willing to help a new industry. There were no large investors—the subscriptions mostly represented savings of many years. To-day some of those men are old—some have died and their widows and children are looking with hope to some realization on their stock. It may be a forlorn hope, but, by Heaven, Dubble, I cannot put out a hand to destroy it!"

I thought this rather queer talk for a man who had always insisted that twenty-five cents an hour was ample for any mechanic. You have to tear some men wide open before you can find out what is in them—and then you are not sure!

"What other way is there, Mr. Langeville?" I inquired gently. "This foreclosure suit will have to go on. The bondholders see no other chance for saving themselves—unless, indeed, you yourself buy in all of them. I don't believe you are prepared to do that."

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"Well, yes—or rather, a very delicately-tuned musical instrument. If you know the scales and the common chords you can improvise nice little airs and charming variations. She's a sort of—well, a penny whistle, and the music you get depends not on her at all, but on your own technique."

"I've never been in love," said Temple; "not seriously, I mean," he hastened to add, for Vernon was smiling—"not a life or death matter, don't you know; but I do hate the way you talk, and one of these days you'll hate it, too."

"So a lady told me, only last spring," said Vernon. "But I'll take my chance. Going? Well, I'm glad we ran across each other. Don't forget to look me up."

Temple moved off, and Vernon was left alone. He sat idly smoking cigarette after cigarette, and watched the shifting crowd. It was a bright October day, and the crowd was a gay one.

Suddenly his fingers tightened on his cigarette—but he kept the hand that held it before his face, and he bent his head forward.

Two ladies were passing, on foot. One was the elder Miss Desmond—she who had warned him that one of these days he would be caught—and the other, hanging lovingly on her aunt's arm, was, of course, Betty. But a smart, changed, awakened Betty! She was dressed almost as beautifully as the lady whose profile he had failed to recognize, but much more simply. Her eyes were alight, and she was babbling away to her aunt. She was even gesticulating a little, for all the world like a French girl. He noted the well-gloved hand with which she emphasized some point in her talk.

"That's the hand," he said, "that I held when we sat on the plow in the shed and I told her fortune."

He had risen, and his feet led him along the road they had taken. Ten yards ahead of him he saw the swing of the aunt's serviceable brown skirt and beside it Betty's green and gray.

"I am not breaking my word," he replied to the Inward Monitor. "Who's going out of his way to speak to the girl?"

He watched the brown gown and the green all the way down the Boulevard des Capucines, saw them cross the road and go up the steps of the Madeleine. He paused at the corner. It was hard, certainly, to keep his promise: yet so far it was easy, because he could not well recall himself to the Misses Desmond on the ground of his having six months ago involved the one in a row with her relations, and discussed the situation afterward with the other.

"I do wonder where they're staying, though," he told himself. "If one were properly introduced——?" But he knew that the aunt would consider no introduction a proper one that should renew his acquaintance with Betty.

"Wolf, wolf," he said, "let the fold alone! There's no door for you, and you've pledged your sacred word as an honorable wolf not to jump any more hurdles."

And as he stood musing, the elder Miss Desmond came down the church steps and walked briskly away.

Some men would, doubtless, have followed her example, if not her direction. Vernon was not one of these. He found himself going up the steps of the great church. He had as good a right to go into the Madeleine as the next man. He would probably not see the girl. If he did he would not speak. Almost certainly he would not even see her.

But Destiny had remembered Mr. Vernon once more. Betty was standing just inside the door, her face upturned and all her soul in her eyes. The mutterings of the organ and the voices of boys filled the great dark building.

He went and stood close by her. He would not speak. He would keep his word. But she should have a chance of speaking. His eyes were on her face. The hymn ended. She exhaled a held breath, started and spoke.

"You?" she said—"*You?*" The two words are spelled alike. Spoken, they are capable of infinite variations. The first "you" sent Vernon's blood leaping. The second froze it to what it had been before he met her. For indeed that little unfinished idyll had been almost forgotten by the man who sat drinking vermouth outside the Café de la Paix.

"How are you?" he whispered. "Won't you shake hands?"

She gave him a limp and unresponsive glove.

"I had almost forgotten you," she said, "but I am glad to see you because—— Come to the door. I don't like talking in churches."

They stood on the steps behind one of the great pillars.

"Do you think it is wise to stand here?" he said. "Your aunt might see us."

"So you followed us in?" said Betty with perfect self-possession. "That was very kind. I have often wished to see you, to tell you how much obliged I am for all your kindness in the spring. I was only a child then, and I didn't understand, but now I quite see how good it was of you."

"Why do you talk like that?" he said. "You don't think—you can't think it was my fault?"

"Your fault! What?"

"Why, your father finding us and——"

"Oh, *that!*" she said lightly. "Oh, I had forgotten that! Ridiculous, wasn't it? No, I mean your kindness in giving

"Has Monsieur Vernon Yet Returned?" He Asked the Waiter

so many hours to teaching a perfect duffer. Well, now I've seen you and said what I had to say, I think I'll go back."

"No, don't go," he said. "I want to know—oh, all sorts of things! I can see your aunt from afar, and fly if she approaches."

"You don't suppose," said Betty, opening her eyes at him, "that I sha'n't tell her I've seen you?"

He had supposed it, and cursed his clumsiness.

"Ah, I see," she went on, "you think I should deceive my aunt now because I deceived my stepfather in the spring. But I was a child then—and besides, I'm fond of my aunt."

"Did you know that she came to see me?"

"Of course. You seem to think we live in an atmosphere of deceit, Mr. Vernon."

"What's the matter with you?" he said bluntly, for finer weapons seemed useless. "What have I done to make you hate me?"

"I hate you? Oh, no—not in the least," said Betty spitefully. "I am very grateful to you for all your kindness."

"Where are you staying?" he asked.

"Hotel Bête," said Betty off her guard, "but——"

The "but" marked his first score.

"I wish I could have called to see your aunt," he said carelessly, "but I am off to Vienna to-morrow."

Betty believed that she did not change countenance by a hair's breadth.

"I hope you'll have a delightful time," she said politely.

"Thanks. I am sure I shall. The only consolation for leaving Paris is that one is going to Vienna. Are you here for long?"

"I don't know." Betty was on her guard again.

"Paris is a delightful city, isn't it?"

"Most charming."

"Have you been here long?"

"No, not very long."

"Are you still working at your painting? It would be a pity to give that up."

"I am not working just now."

"I see your aunt," he said hurriedly. "Are you going to send me away like this? Don't be so unjust, so ungenerous. It's not like you—my pupil of last spring was not unjust."

"Your pupil of last spring was a child and a duffer, Mr. Vernon, as I said before. But she is grateful to you for one thing—no, two."

"What's the other?" he asked swiftly.

"Your drawing-lessons," she demurely answered.

"Then what's the one?"

"Good-by," she said, and went down the steps to meet her aunt. He effaced himself behind a pillar. In spite of her new coldness, he could not believe that she would tell her aunt of the meeting. And he was right, though Betty's reasons were not his reasons.

"What's the good?" she asked herself as she and her aunt walked across to their hotel. "He's going away to-morrow, and I shall never see him again. Well, I behaved beautifully, that's one thing. He must simply loathe me. So that's all right! If he were staying on in Paris, of course I would tell her."

She believed this fully.

He waited five minutes behind that pillar, and then had himself driven to the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, choosing as driver a man with a white hat, in strict accordance with the advice in Baedeker, though he had never read any of the works of that author.

This new Betty, with the smart gown and the distant manner, awoke at the same time that she contradicted his memories of the Betty of Long Barton. And he should not see her again. Of course he was not going to Vienna, but neither was he going to hang round the Hotel Bête, or to bribe Franz or Elise to smuggle notes to Miss Betty.

"It's never any use trying to join things on again," he told himself. "As well try to mend a spider's web when you have put your boot through it.

> No diver brings up love again
> Dropped once . . .
> In such cold seas.

But what has happened? Why does she hate me so? You acted very nicely, dear, but that wasn't indifference. It was hatred, if ever I've seen it. I wonder what it means. I shall never know. And she's prettier than ever, too. Oh, hang it!"

His key turned in the lock, and on the doormat showed the white square of an envelope—a note from the other woman, the one whose profile he had not remembered. She was in Paris for a time. She had seen him at the Paix, had wondered whether he had his old rooms, had driven straight up on the chance of being able to leave thus—wasn't that devotion?—and would he care to call for her at eight when they could dine somewhere and talk over old times? One familiar initial, that of her first name, curled in the corner, and the card smelt of jasmine—not of jasmine-scent in bottles, but of the real flower. He had never known how she managed it.

Vernon was not fond of talking over old times, but Betty would be dining at the Hotel Bête—some dull hole, no doubt; he had never heard of it. Well, he could not dine at the Bête, and after all, one must dine somewhere. And the other woman had never bored him. That is a terrible weapon in the hands of a rival. And Betty had been most unjust. And what was Betty to him, anyway? His thoughts turned to the American girl who had sketched with him in Brittany that summer. Ah, if she had not been whisked back to New York by her people, it would not now be a question of Betty or of the jasmine lady. He took out Miss Van Tromp's portrait and sat looking at it; it was admirable—the fearless poise of the head, the laughing eyes, the full, pouting lips. Then Betty's face and the face of the jasmine lady came between him and Miss Van Tromp.

"Bah," he said, "smell, kiss, wear—at last throw away. Never keep a rose till it's faded." A little tide of Breton memories swept through him.

"Bah," he said again, "she was perfectly charming, but what is the use of charm, half the world away?"

He pulled his trunk from the front of the fireplace, pushed up the iron damper, and made a little fire. He burned all Miss Van Tromp's letters and her photograph—but from habit, or from gratitude, he kissed it before he burned it.

"Now," said he as the last sparks died redly on the black embers, "the decks are cleared for action. Shall I sentimentalize about Betty—cold, cruel, changed Betty—or shall I call for the jasmine lady?"

He did both, and the jasmine lady might have found him dull. As it happened, she only found him *distrait*, and that interested her.

"When we parted," she said, "it was I who was in tears. Now it's you. What is it?"

"If I am in tears," he roused himself to say, "it is only because everything passes."

"What's broken now?" she asked. "Another heart? Oh, yes, you broke mine all to little, little bits. But I've mended it. I wanted frightfully to see you to thank you!"

"This is a grateful day for women," thought Vernon, looking the interrogatory.

"Why, for showing me how hearts are broken," she explained; "it's quite easy when you know how, and it's a perfectly delightful game. I play it myself now, and I can't imagine how I ever got on before I learned the rules."

"You forget," he said, smiling. "It was you who broke my heart. And it's not mended yet."

"That's very sweet of you. But really, you know, I'm very glad it was you who broke my heart, and not any one else. Because, now it's mended, that gives us something to talk about. We have a past. That's really what I wanted to tell you. And that's such a bond, isn't it? When it really is past—dead, you know—no nonsense about cataleptic trances, but stone dead."

"Yes," he said, "it is a link. But it isn't the past for me, you know. It can never——"

She held up a pretty jeweled hand.

"Now don't," she said. "That's just what you don't understand. All that's out of the picture. I know you too well. Just realize that I'm the only nice woman you know who doesn't either expect you to make love to her in the future or hate you for having done it in the past, and you'll want to see me every day. Think of the novelty of it."

"I do and I do," said he, "and I won't protest any more while you're in this mood. Bear with me if I seem idiotic to-night. I've been burning old letters, and that always makes me like a funeral."

"Old letters—mine?"

"I burned yours long ago."

"And it isn't two years since we parted! How many have there been since?"

"Is this the Inquisition or is it Durand's?"

"It's somewhere where we both are," she said, without a trace of sentiment; "that's good enough for me. Do you know I've been married since I saw you last? *And* left a widow—in a short three months it all happened. And—well, I'm not very clever, as you know, but—— Can you imagine what it is like to be married to a man who doesn't understand a single word you say, unless it's about the weather or things to eat? No, don't look shocked. He was a good fellow, and very happy till the motor accident took him and left me this."

She showed a scar on her smooth arm.

"What a woman it is for surprises! So he was very happy? But of course he was."

"Yes, of course, as you say. I was a model wife. I wore black for a whole year, too!"

"Why did you marry him?"

"Well, at the time I thought you might hear of it and be disappointed, or hurt, or something."

"So I am," said Vernon with truth.

"You needn't be," said she. "You'll find me much nicer now I don't want to disappoint you or hurt you, but only to have a good time, and there's no nonsense about love to get in the way and spoil everything."

"So you're—but this isn't proper! Here am I dining with a lady and I don't even know her name."

"I know—I wouldn't put it to the note. Didn't that single initial arouse your suspicions? Her name? Her title, if you please! I married Harry St. Craye. You remember how we used to laugh at him together?"

"That little —I beg your pardon, Lady St. Craye."

"Yes," she said; "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum:* of the dead nothing but the bones. If he had lived he would certainly have beaten me. Here's to our new friendship!"

"Our new friendship!" he repeated, raising his glass and looking in her eyes. Lady St. Craye looked very beautiful, and Betty was not there. In fact, just now there was no Betty.

He went back to his rooms humming a song of Yvette Guilbert's. There might have been no flowering May, no buttercup meadows in all the world, for any thought or memory that he had of them. And Betty was a thousand miles away.

That was at night. In the morning Betty was at the Hotel Bête, and the Hotel Bête was no longer a pretty hotel which he did not know and never should know. For the early post brought him a letter which said:

I am in Paris for a few days and should like to see you if you can make it convenient to call at my hotel on Thursday.

This was Tuesday.

The letter was signed with the name of the uncle from whom Vernon had expectations, and at the head of the letter was the address:

Hotel Bête,
Cité de Retraite,
Rue Boissy d'Anglais.

"Now bear witness!" cried Vernon, appealing to the Universe—"bear witness that this is *not* my fault!"

IX—THE OPPORTUNITY

VERNON in those two days decided that he did not wish to see Betty again. Already a mood of much daylight was making him blink and shrink. He saw himself as he was—or nearly—and the spectacle did not please him. The thought of Lady St. Craye was the only one that seemed to make for any sort of complacency. The thought of Temple rankled oddly.

"He likes me, and he dislikes himself for liking me. Why does he like me? Why does any one like me? I'm hanged if I know!"

This was the other side of his mood of most days, when the wonder seemed that every one should not like him. Why shouldn't they? Ordinarily he was hanged if he knew that.

He had expected a note from Lady St. Craye to follow up his dinner with her. He knew how a woman rarely resists the temptation to write to the man in whom she is interested, even while his last words are still ringing in her ears. But no note came, and he concluded that Lady St. Craye was not interested. This reassured while it piqued.

The Hotel Bête is very near the Madeleine, and very near the heart of Paris—of gay Paris, that is—yet it might have been a hundred miles from anywhere. No one could really be cheerful at the Hotel Bête. Vernon felt as though he were entering a family vault of the highest respectability when he passed through its silent hall and inquired for Mr. James Vernon.

Monsieur Vernon was out. No, he had charged no one with a billet for Monsieur. Monsieur Vernon would doubtless return for the *déjeuner;* it was certain that he would return for the dinner. Would Monsieur wait?

Monsieur waited, in a little stiff salon with glass doors, prim furniture, and an elaborately ornamental French clock. It was silent, of course. There were day-old English papers on the table, and the New York Herald. Through the glass doors he could see every one who came in or went out. And he saw no one. There was a stillness as of the tomb. Even the waiter, now laying covers for the *déjeuner,* wore list slippers and his movements were silent as a heron's ghost-gray flight.

He came to the glass door presently.

"Did Monsieur breakfast?"

And Watched the Shifting Crowd

Vernon was not minded to waste two days in the pursuit of uncles. Here he was, and here he stayed, till Uncle James should appear.

Yes, decidedly, Monsieur breakfasted.

He wondered where the clients of the hotel had hidden themselves. Were they all dead, or merely sight-seeing? As his watch showed him the approach of half-past twelve, he found himself listening for the tramp of approaching feet, the rustle of returning skirts. And still all was silent as the grave.

The sudden summoning sound of a bell roused him from a dreamy wonder as to whether Betty and her aunt had already left. If not, should he meet them at *déjeuner?* The idea of the possible meeting amused more than it interested him. He crossed the hall and entered the long, bare *salle à manger.*

By Heaven—he was the only guest! A cover was laid for him only—no, at a distance of half the table for another. Then Betty and her aunt had gone. Well, so much the better.

He unfolded his table-napkin. In another moment, doubtless, Uncle James would appear to fill the vacant place.

But in another moment the vacant place was filled—and by Betty—Betty alone, unchaperoned, and bristling with hostility. She bowed very coldly, but she was crimson to the ears. He rose and came to her, holding out his hand.

With the waiter looking on, Betty had to give hers, but she gave it in a way that said very plainly:

"I am very surprised and not at all pleased to see you here."

"This is a most unexpected pleasure," he said very distinctly, and added the truth about his uncle.

"Has Monsieur Vernon yet returned?" he asked the waiter who hovered anxiously near.

No, Monsieur was not yet of return.

"So you see," his look answered the speech of her hand, "it is not my doing in the least."

"I hope your aunt is well," he went on, the waiter handing baked eggs the while.

"Quite well, thank you," said Betty. "And how is your wife? I ought to have asked yesterday, but I forgot."

"My wife?"

"Oh, perhaps you aren't married yet. Of course my father told me of your engagement."

She crumbled bread and smiled pleasantly.

"So *that's* it," thought Vernon. "Fool that I was to forget it!"

"I am not married," he said coldly, "nor have I ever been engaged to be married."

And he ate eggs stolidly, wondering what her next move would be. It was one that surprised him. For she leaned toward him and said in a perfectly new voice:

"Couldn't you get Franz to move you a little more this way? One can't shout across these acres of tablecloth, and I've heaps of things to tell you."

He moved nearer, and once again he wronged Betty by a mental shrinking. Was she really going to own that she had resented the news of his engagement? She was really hopeless. He began to bristle defensively.

"Anything you care to tell me will, of course, be of the greatest possible interest," he was beginning, but Betty interrupted him.

"Ah, don't be cross!" she said. "I know I was perfectly horrid yesterday, but I own I was rather hurt."

"Hold back," he adjured her inwardly; "for Heaven's sake, hold back!"

"You see," she went on, "you and I were such good friends—you'd been so kind—and you told me—you talked to me about things you didn't talk of to other people—and when I thought you'd told my stepfather a secret of yours that you'd never told me, of course I felt hurt—any one would have."

"I see," said he, beginning to.

"Of course I never dreamed that he'd hed, and even now I don't see——" Then suddenly she did see and crimsoned again.

"He didn't lie," said Vernon carefully, "it was I. But I would never have told him anything that I wouldn't have told you—nor half that I did tell you."

The waiter handed pale meat.

"Yes, the scenery in Brittany is most charming; I did some good work there. The people are so primitive and delightful, too."

The waiter withdrew, and Betty said.

"How do you mean—he didn't lie?"

"The fact is," said Vernon, "he—he did not understand our friendship in the least. I imagine friendship was not invented when he was young. It's a tiresome subject, Miss Desmond; let's drop it—shall we?"

"If you like," said she, chilly as December.

"Oh, well then, just let me say it was done for your sake, Miss Desmond. He had no idea that two people should have any interests in common except—except matters of the heart, and the shortest way to convince him was to tell him that my heart was elsewhere. I don't like lies, but there are some people who insist on lies—nothing else will convince them of the truth. Here comes some abhorrent preparation of rice. How goes it with Art?"

"I have been working very hard," she said, "but every day I seem to know less and less."

"Oh, that's all right! It's only that every day one knows more and more—of how little one does know. You'll have to pass many milestones before you pass out of that state. Do they always feed you like this here?"

"Some days it's custard," said Betty; "but we've only been here a week."

"We're friends again now, aren't we?" he questioned suddenly.

(Continued on Page 50)

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Newspaper Slobber

ALL right-minded people have good wishes for a bride. Her situation appeals to the universal human heart. If she has the background of a prominent position the interest is naturally heightened. If it happens that she has come happily through hardship or peril, she takes on an elementally dramatic quality, symbolizing the final triumph of love and innocence which all of us retain a sneaking belief in, despite the scientific necessity of doubting it. In the case of the White House bride these accessories were present in an extraordinary degree. Undoubtedly millions of good people awaited word of her marriage with a real, personal anxiety—seeing the determination of some newspapers to treat her as the press-agent treats a circus parade and make her look a fool if they could.

A more trying position, in which the victim is more completely helpless, could not well be imagined. The victims are always women, too. Newspapers sometimes overpraise a man; but they never actually slobber on him. That supreme agony is reserved for the gentler sex. Perhaps they have a saving suspicion that a man would shoot. In this particular case, no doubt the victim was sustained by faith in the good sense and good heart of the people, knowing they would understand that the "princess" business and the rest of the idiotic exploitation was much more disagreeable to her than to them.

What We All Want

SAID a fair and gentle prisoner the other day: "When I would read the newspapers and see the names of other girls printed and descriptions of the fine clothes they wore, it drove me almost crazy. I wanted to be somebody and see my name in the papers." Being unlearned in the law herself, and having no husband or other natural or unnatural male protector who knew the way about, the unfortunate young lady resorted to methods which a brutal statute describes as obtaining money under false pretenses, and the police soon had her. "For only a few days," she says, "I tasted the glorious life of which I had dreamed."

Poor girl! Poor girl! Her ambition was fine and laudable. It is the identical one which constitutes the mainspring of vast and beneficial activities. Without it we should have no highest society to uphold the precious traditions of noble and dissipated living. If the desire which agitated this young lady's tender bosom should die out among men—or women—there would be a dreadful falling off in captains of industry. Wall Street would run down like an unwound clock. Stock Exchange seats would decline to continuous vaudeville prices. Rows of Fifth Avenue mansions—that were never built to live in—would be turned into boarding-houses. These things exist mostly because people read the names of the other girls in the newspapers, with descriptions of their fine clothes, and it almost drives 'em crazy—and fires 'em with an invincible determination to get their own names printed oftener and nearer the top of the column, and to have still more stunning clothes to be described.

The gentle prisoner is a true daughter of the House of Mirth. If Fate had kindly provided her with a loving, able father or husband who knew how to get other people's money under non-actionable pretenses, she would have been a society queen in the Sunday Supplement—instead of mixed up with the drunks and disorderlies in the police report. Poor girl! Still she did have a taste of the glorious life.

Hard Lines for the Clerk

THE case of the Government clerk has been receiving a good deal of attention of late in connection with various suggestions for a pension system. It is said that his work is the most uninspiring routine drudgery; that the utmost he can reasonably hope for is, by long service, to win an $1800 place; that he is pretty apt to be unambitious and improvident. The Secretary of the Treasury is on well-approved ground when he quotes Franklin; urges the Federal employee to cultivate thrift, open a savings account and stand on his own feet.

The clerkly class is a very numerous one, and, of course, continually growing. Every large city has its army of clerks in great railroad offices, banks, stores and the like. The principal difference between them and the Government employees at Washington is that their hours are longer, their work harder, their pay smaller, their chance of finally winning an $1800 place, on the whole, decidedly less—and they are not tempted to improvidence, like their Washington brethren, by a knowledge that they have practically a life tenure of their jobs. On the contrary, they generally have excellent reasons for supposing that they will be discharged if age impairs their efficiency. As to their providence, most cities with a big clerical population fairly swarm with benevolent Shylocks who do a fine business making loans without security to salaried people at about double pawnshop rates.

It is good to quote Franklin to them; but conditions have somewhat changed since Franklin's day. The city clerk has to pay a high tax in living expenses for the modern improvements and the wealth that surround him. Perhaps the greatest discouragement to thrift arises from the fact that in a city the opportunities of the little capitalist are steadily narrowing. About all he can do with his money is to put it in a savings-bank and get three per cent. interest. A very diligent reading of Poor Richard is necessary to extract a high degree of cheer from such prospects.

When Congress Plays the Hero

THAT leading business men are generally opposed to any governmental "interference" with their affairs is partly due to the fact that they have a low opinion of the intelligence and integrity of Congress. This opinion, of course, is abundantly justified. There is no legislative day in the year whose descending sun does not see some exhibition of disingenuous folly in one or both Houses.

The country is interested in the Panama Canal, considering it an important undertaking in which American interests and prestige are involved. The Senate has spent a fair share of the last two months on canal matters. A press-agent has been discharged, the tremendous fact that Mr Shonts is drawing a small salary from his railroad has been unearthed, and the whole staff has been stirred up and exasperated. As this annoys the President, the Senate considers it worth while.

Soon after the Pennsylvania Railroad shut off passes, several members of the House awoke to a shocking rumor that that road controls the Baltimore and Ohio, Norfolk and Western and other lines. So, after solemn discussion, the House passed a resolution calling for light on this dark subject. Of course, the Pennsylvania ownership in the roads named has been duly set forth in its published annual reports, and is almost as much a matter of common knowledge as the location of the Capitol. The silly resolution will give numbers of passless statesmen a chance to pose a while; but no public good can possibly come of it.

The Poor Things

IF THERE remain any investors in railroad stocks who fear that Congress and the President are going to do something that will seriously imperil their interests, we wish to reassure them. Whatever slight effect, by way of unsettling railroad values, may result from action at Washington is too trivial to be taken into account—in comparison with other things which operate in that direction. Witness the dire calamity that recently overtook the widows and orphans who have their little all invested in stock of the Reading Railroad. Their sacred vested rights shrank to the extent of twenty-five dollars a share, or one-half the face value, within a few days. A number of sterling, bottle-nosed dependents were observed in the Waldorf-Astoria café in a highly disconsolate state—a sight to move the hardest heart. Yet President and Congress were in nowise responsible. A little band of helpless widows had staked their patrimonies in boosting Reading some seventy-five dollars a share. Then it occurred to some diligent orphans on the other side of the market that the movement was overdone. So they jumped on it

This is the true and only really important peril to railroad stockholders. In comparison, Congressional action is a bagatelle that may well be ignored. The virtuous relicts leading their orphans by the hand, who are buying railroad stocks at the rate of a million shares a day in Wall Street, should not bother their poor heads about Congress. And we are rapidly approaching the point where these Wall Street innocents will be the only people interested. Another year or so of such Stock Exchange activity as we have seen in the last twelve months and the leading railroads will retire their stock certificates, issuing in lieu thereof smooth ivory disks which the widows and orphans can stack up and pass across the table with greater facility.

When Silence is Golden

PERIODICALLY the mayor of Chicago is plagued by a band of inconsistent people who insist upon consistency—devoted disturbers of the peace who will not leave off demanding that the laws be enforced.

The statutes of Illinois, like those of other American commonwealths, were framed in a proper respect for the ten commandments. They provide very clearly that no dramshop shall be kept open on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday. For many years there has been no pretense of obeying this law in Chicago. Saloons have been as wide open on Sundays as on any other day. Nearly a generation ago this was made an issue in a municipal election; and the Sunday-closers were overwhelmingly defeated. Persons of political experience there think that an administration which stood for Sunday-closing would be overwhelmingly defeated now, and in the last campaign both candidates carefully opposed it.

There is the law and there is the open violation of it; and there is the duty of all good citizens to impress upon trusts and labor unions that the law must always be obeyed. It is one of those interesting situations when it is so much pleasanter to talk about something else.

The Sick Man in Moleskins

PRESIDENT BUTLER and the faculty of Columbia University have the honor of taking the most important step in higher education since the introduction of the elective system. They have undertaken to abolish intercollegiate football, at least for the present, and possibly other forms of intercollegiate sports. Naturally enough, rival universities hasten to point out that Columbia can best afford to try the experiment: her undergraduate body is small and unimportant as compared with her graduate schools. Her sacrifice will be small, if, as is supposed, college boys will desert Columbia for some alma mater less hostile to "sport." Nevertheless, Columbia should have all the credit there is in first proclaiming boldly that an American university does not exist primarily for football. And it would appear from the present outlook that, having taken this bold stand, Columbia is to have many imitators. Harvard is a case in point, and there are other cases in the West, where football is not the degenerate article that it has become in the older colleges. Wisconsin has instructed its representatives at the conference to be held in Chicago to advocate a temporary suppression of intercollegiate games. Stanford University, out on the Pacific slope, untouched by the influence of the effete East, has already taken the momentous step. And there are grumblings of a similar nature nearer Columbia. Even the universities of the country would seem to be caught in the 1905 tidal wave of Reform!

The Trouble with the Senate

THE Senate is a well-meaning, industrious and honorable body which suffers much cruel misunderstanding because it lacks the hardihood to take adequate measures for self-protection. Thus it is continually victimized by careless or corrupt legislatures that send it members who turn out in a way to bring opprobrium upon it.

Arguing on the Statehood Bill, the gentleman from Ohio said: "If Arizona is admitted to the Union it will have as many Senators as New York." The gentleman from Minnesota replied: "Why mention the Senators from New York when the rest of us are trying to forget them?" The day before, Mr. Burton, of Kansas, modestly appeared for an instant at a cloakroom door, that he might be seen in the Senate and thus draw his mileage. One regrets exceedingly having to mention the Senator from Kansas. The late Senator from Oregon was a duly constituted and full-fledged member of the upper house when under indictment. The Senate objected to Mr. Clark, of Montana; but his State sent him back. In short, the Senate is a fine institution; but various States keep inflicting undesirable persons upon it, thereby seriously damaging its reputation. As it seems out of the question to cure all States of this reprehensible practice, what the Senate most needs is evidently a sort of purgatory, or quarantine, or detention hospital in which doubtful members may be segregated and draw their salaries and mileage in silent, innocuous oblivion until such time as it appears that they may safely be mentioned without bringing the Senate itself in for a lot of painful animadversion. With this improvement there would be nothing much the matter with the Senate.

MEN & WOMEN

How Did Bryan Know?

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN is a great friend of Dr. John H. Girdner, of New York, and usually stays at Doctor Girdner's house when he goes to New York.

Girdner gave a breakfast in honor of Mr. Bryan some time ago. He invited all the leading New York Democrats of the Bryan way of thinking and had a pleasant party. Grapefruits were served, each with a spoonful of brandy spilled in the cavity in the centre.

Mr. Bryan is a teetotaler. He did not touch his grapefruit. After the breakfast Mrs. Girdner went to the ancient cook of the household and said:

"Bridget, you made a terrible mistake this morning."

"Indeed, mum?" said Bridget. "An' what was it?"

"Why, you put brandy on Mr. Bryan's grapefruit and he never drinks. He doesn't know the taste of liquor. He didn't eat his fruit."

"An' he never drinks, mum, an' doesn't know th' taste of it?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, mum," said Bridget, "plaze tell me how he knew it was brandy, mum?"

Poor Mr. Dockstader

T. E. POWERS, the artist, and Lew Dockstader, the minstrel, were riding through Central Park one night, contemplating the beauties of Nature.

This palled after a time. "I am hungry," Dockstader announced.

"So am I," said Powers.

"Let's go to a restaurant and get something to eat."

Powers pondered. "No," he said finally, "I know something better than that. Mrs. Powers went away today, but before she went she baked me a lot of cup-custards

and cake. We'll go up to my flat. I'll get the custards and stuff and we will eat that. It's much better than restaurant truck."

Dockstader agreed. They drove to the apartment. Powers went in to get the custard and cake, which they had planned to take to the Park and eat under the trees.

There was a long wait. Dockstader grew nervous. Finally, a window on the seventh floor opened and Powers stuck his head out.

"Say, Lew!" he shouted, "Mrs. Powers has returned and won't let me go out again, but here are the custards." And he threw six of them down on the patient Dockstader.

Defeat for John R. Walsh

JOHN R. WALSH, the well-known Chicago banker and magnate, rather prides himself on his shrewdness. When he was building the structure occupied by the Chicago National Bank he had some difficulty in awarding the contract for the vault, but finally gave it to a New York company. It was provided in the agreement that the vault must be completed by a certain date, and, in default, the contracting company was to pay a penalty of $1000 a day.

The plans were modified in course of construction and delays occurred one after the other, until it was impossible to conform to the provisions of the contract. The vault was not completed until thirty days after the time specified.

When the agent of the vault company presented a request for a check in full, Mr. Walsh said he would pay the amount less $30,000. The agent explained it was not the fault of the construction company there were delays, but Mr. Walsh retorted the company could take that or nothing

"Very well," said the agent, "I am going to St. Louis for several days. When I return I think you will be willing to pay the full amount."

Mr. Walsh closed the conversation by intimating that if it was planned to collect the money by going to law the suit might be entered at once.

The agent disappeared and was absent from Chicago for a week. When he returned he called on Mr. Walsh Without a word the latter turned to his desk, wrote out a check for the full amount, and handing it to his caller demanded:

"Now, give me the combination to that vault "

It seems that the vault company refrained from turning over the combination until after the bill was paid. For a week every effort had been made to enter the vault, but without success, although expert safe-men were employed on the task. Friends of John R. Walsh say that this is the only time on record when he admitted defeat in a business transaction.

Domesticity "On the Road"

MISS ELSIE DE WOLF'S house in Irving Place, New York, is a favorite gathering place for artists and literary folk, and it is filled with curious and beautiful things. It is the custom of Miss De Wolf to spend her summers in Versailles, and she rarely returns from abroad without adding to her store of curios, all of which are associated with some illustrious name. She has, for example, a bit of wood carved in the workshop of Lord Byron's grandfather, with whom one of her own ancestors was associated, and she has a thimble that belonged to Marie Antoinette. In her second floor sitting-room there is a great couch of old oak, and mirrors, made from the wood and decorations of two old beds brought from châteaux in Normandy.

Miss De Wolf is one of the few stage people whose dressing-rooms are made habitable, and where a cup of tea may be served and visitors received. If she is to play in a theatre for any length of time, her own stage properties—consisting of easy chairs, a low dressing-table, a couch, and covers of bright-flowered chintz—are sent where she is, and these and a little writing-desk furnished in red leather make attractive a room usually dreary.

An Inconspicuous Vanderbilt

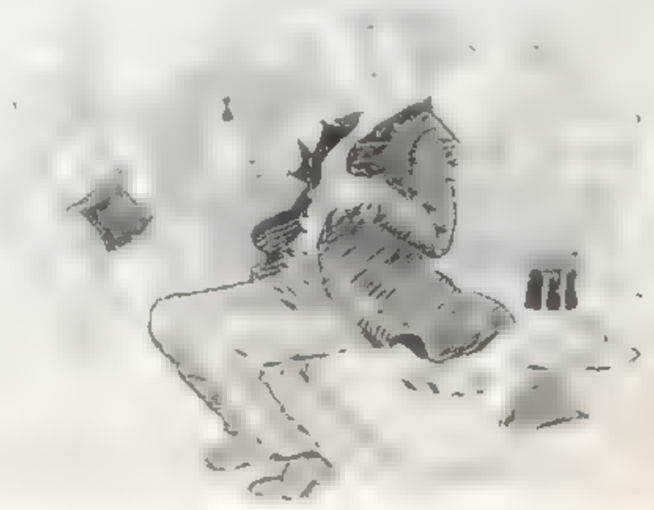
FREDERICK VANDERBILT is the least conspicuous member of the immediate Vanderbilt family, yet, as brother of the late Cornelius and of William K. and George Vanderbilt, it is remarkable that he escapes so easily the eye of the public. Frederick Vanderbilt lives for a month or two of the winter in the old Vanderbilt house at Fifth Avenue and Fortieth Street, occupied by his father, William H., before the twin brownstone mansions up the street were built for himself and his daughters, but his principal residence is his country home at Hyde Park on the Hudson.

Nature and books are Mr. Vanderbilt's chief pleasures, and he is with difficulty drawn away from these to other affairs. Of late, the house at Newport has been entirely deserted, and the New York residence almost so. If he must be drawn into the social world, he prefers to go by way of his yacht, the Conqueror, which allows of long stretches of ocean solitude between ports that entail subsequent visits to royalty or the social great. Indeed, were it not for his wife, and the pleasure which she takes in the world's society, it is to be doubted if Mr. Vanderbilt's circle would extend beyond his books and a few—a very few—people eminent in scholarship. Visitors to the Hyde Park mansion often come and go without a sight of Frederick Vanderbilt, he, perhaps, being snugly ensconced in the farthest possible corner of the house, engaged with a book, or in the uttermost nook of the estate, busy with a flock of birds. The farm at Hyde Park affords him constant interest, and he is as intimately concerned with the doings of his geese or his ducks or chickens as another country gentleman might be with his horses.

Mr. Vanderbilt is a man of fine physical presence, and his face at all times bears an expression of earnestness. He observes much and says little, but what he does say reaches to the heart of the subject.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt are beloved at Hyde Park; it is a well-known fact among the latter's friends that she would give the gown from her back to any one whom she thought needed it. She is as impulsive as her husband is reserved. Indeed, the accident—a broken arm—which befell her some months ago, was the result of her running early on Christmas morning to the house of the farmer on the estate to deliver Christmas gifts.

No one ever knows with whom Mrs. Vanderbilt is to be seen next. She will ride down Fifth Avenue, catch sight of the young daughter of her dressmaker, pick the girl up, and take her for a drive. Again, she will step over to the Waldorf with her manicure for lunch. She is very fond of walking, and one day came all the way down Fifth Avenue carrying to her milliner a cake which her own cook had baked. Ice cream, flowers and presents of all sorts she bestows upon those who serve her in those numerous capacities which the wealthy women of the present day find imperative to comfort, health and beauty.



A Self-Cocking Hat

THE cowboys and plainsmen who came from the West to help inaugurate President Roosevelt last March had a world of fun in Washington and saw many things new to them.

One of them visited Major Llewellyn at the New Willard Hotel. The Major had an opera hat, closed, on the bed. The cowboy sat down on the bed, as all the chairs were occupied, and picked up the hat. It opened with a crash.

"Well, I'll be durned!" he said, dropping the hat in alarm; "that's the fust self-cockin' hat I ever seed."

Who is Folk?

WHEN Governor Folk was campaigning Missouri, in 1904, he had with him a few spellbinders whom he used for the opening speeches at his meetings, while he reserved himself for the closing effort.

One of these spellbinders began at a meeting in Sedalia. He touched on national issues for half an hour or so and then got down to the State campaign.

He strode out to the edge of the platform, raised his arms above his head and said, with great declamatory effect: "Who is Joseph W. Folk?"

He paused for reply. Then he thundered again: "And who, I ask you, is Joseph W. Folk?"

Still there was no reply.

With one last, gigantic effort he roared: "Again I ask you, who is Joseph W. Folk?"

"Oh, well," piped a little man who sat on one of the first benches, "I'll bite. Who is Joseph W. Folk?"

The first derby made in America was a

C & K

Hats for Men

The De Luxe

Knapp-Felt is a wear-resisting fabric of unusual beauty and durability. It is the result of combining the very best materials with the most intelligent workmanship and fifty years' experience in making fine hats. It is a product of the C & K Shop only and cannot be successfully imitated. The superiority of a Knapp-Felt De Luxe $6 hat is evident to the least experienced eye, not only when it is new but during all the stages of wear, as owing to the closer and firmer texture of Knapp-Felt it is affected less by constant usage than the felt of any other hat.

The Knapp-Felt

The C & K Derby

Knapp-Felt

hats not only offer the advantage of superb quality but they are made in a sufficient variety of smart shapes to assure a properly becoming hat for every face and physique—a very important improvement over the old method of limiting a man's choice to one style. Knapp-Felts are made in two grades: the De Luxe Quality, the very finest that can be produced, is $6; Knapp-Felt, the next best, is $4. The best hatters sell them.

A copy of THE HATMAN, telling how Knapp-Felt hats are made and showing the proper shapes for Spring, will be mailed on request.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

The Correspondence of a Diplomat—By J. W. Foley

A Resumption of Relations with the Home Secretary

MAPLEVILLE, January 9.

Dear Father:

I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know I am back safe in the Academy again after my fine Christmas vacation at home which gives me much happiness to look back to although sometimes a lump in my throat which will probably not bother me so much as soon as I get used to being away from home again. All of the boys are back from home and getting ready for hard study which they have all promised their parents to do with the best intentions because of it being New Years and a splendid time for beginning over doing right. It being such cold weather and needing something to warm you up I think I will be coffee this term until it gets warmer weather which will be twenty five cents a week more for you to figure when you send me my board money but it will be worth it in making me able to stand the cold better and probably not catching any cold weather diseases and having to pay out for doctors bills which is always very useless.

The night we all got back we had a meeting in one of the boys rooms after we unpacked our trunks and each boy bringing something his mother put in his trunk on coming away from home which was quite a spread. I took one of my big fruit cakes which does not go very far among twenty five or thirty boys and I am down to the second one which I am being more careful with but it is gradually getting to take up less room in my trunk. I was thinking they would last for two or three weeks but it is only three days now and at the rate they are going I am going to be out in a couple of days which will probably be the best thing for me as I will not be eating so much between meals. Mamma said a fruit cake would keep for six months but she must have not put that kind in my trunk.

Something I have been going to speak to you about is my pants to my new suit which are coming higher from my shoes on account of me growing so fast and I have let them clear down to the bottom of my suspenders but it does not seem to do any more good. It is a shame because my new suit is perfectly good yet no holes in it or anything except the pants growing so short for me of which I will soon have to do something for them. They are plenty big enough around the waist except I have let them down so low my vest is not covering the top of them any more which is liable to be attracting some attention in my classes. Do you know of any way to make pants longer which would let me wear my new suit all out before having to buy another one? I am awful sorry to be causing you so much worrying on account of growing so fast but you can see how it is. I was thinking maybe you would have some old pants that Mamma could cut down for me which would be all right if nobody knew but us although I would not want to wear cut down pants and have the boys here know about it many of which are liable to make remarks. I could send my new suit pants to Henry Gregg who would be very grateful for being smaller than I am and shorter in his legs. I wish you would be sure to give me some advice on it in your next letter because I will not be able to last in my present pants more than a few days.

It being New Years I have made up my mind to improve all my time and get all the knowledge I possibly can so that if anything should happen by which I might have to earn my own living I would be able to. The putting the lights all out at ten o'clock keeps me from studying as much as I want to but it may be for the best as I might work too hard if they let them burn as long as you want them to. That is one reason why I think I better be coffee so I will not go to sleep while I am studying. A good many of the best scholars here are coffee and they are anxious for me to sit at their table which gives you more valuable conversation to hear and picking up much information to help you in your studies. We ought to not overlook anything that may improve our mind when it is only twenty five cents a week extra for such a splendid chance.

I wish you would tell Henry Gregg if you happen to see him going by that I will probably not be in the Appletown base ball team next Summer and he better get Walter Trask for pitcher being able to throw curves and probably willing to buy some bats if he is pitcher. I would not tell him about me probably sending him my new suit pants though as I may get some advice from you about how to fix them so I can wear them a little longer which is doubtful though. Still it is just as you say and if the boys make remarks I guess I will be able to stand it.

I would not tell Mamma about my pants and the fruit cake being gone so quick as it is no use of her worrying.

The boys put a cow in our dormitory professor's room for the holidays which is causing some looking into who did it. Nobody seems to know who did it which they are hoping to find out.

Uncle William sent me a fine calendar for New Years with splendid rules for every day which if I am able to live up to ought to do me a great deal of good.

Your affectionate son,
TOMMY.

P. S.—The pants are about two inches short when my suspenders are let down as far as they will go which may help you in letting me know what to do. Love to Mamma. TOMMY.

MAPLEVILLE, January 15.

Dear Father:

I received your welcome letter with the news about Henry Greggs stepmother falling down on the ice and breaking her leg and what to do about my pants which is a great comfort to me and I have bought a new pair with the money you sent me and will send my old new-suit pants to you for Henry Gregg which is too bad about his stepmother. I hope it did not happen in front of Henry's house which will be a terrible scolding for him not keeping the sidewalk clean if it did. It will give Henry quite a rest from her though while she is in bed with her leg which I suppose will last for several weeks. I hope it will not keep Henry from enjoying the pants which you do not need to tell him are my old ones as he might be a little sensitive about it. Mamma can clean them up and press them and all Henry would need would be a new coat and a cap and a pair of new shoes to be perfectly happy except for his stepmother's leg. I was thinking perhaps you could get Henry to carry out ashes and split some wood for us while I am away at school so he could earn enough money to buy the other things and you could charge it up against me and I would pay you out of what I am going to make in my next Summer vacation.

Henry would be a fine boy for Aunty or some nice family to take and bring up on a farm if he was an orphan but if it is only a broken leg I do not suppose it will be any chance of that.

I saw the boarding house lady today and told her I would be coffee for two months anyway which caused her much pleasure and she has put me down as coffee which they must make something on because of she being so pleasant which is only twenty five cents a week for her but it all helps. The cow is fed up some again but it is quite hard for one cow to give cream for a hundred boys oatmeal and coffee too which is liable to make it quite thin but it is hardly the cow's fault which probably does the best she can. Still it is quite a strain for only one cow.

I would not be surprised if I should cost more this term on account of getting better known and having more standing to keep up such as going once in a while to parties and needing a new necktie or something but I am keeping it down as low as possible.

Tell Mamma the last of my fruit cake is gone which lasted only a week which is quite a joke on her for saying how a fruit cake will last six months but it is too much trouble to bake any more so tell her never mind about it. Your affectionate son,
TOMMY.

P. S.—I would be willing to have you charge against me for five dollars total for new clothes for Henry Gregg which I will surely pay back in my next Summer vacation. Love to Mamma. TOMMY.

Our New Spring Fashion Book is Free

WRITE FOR THIS BOOK TODAY

It contains 64 pages, and illustrates and describes over 185 fashions that artistic dressers are wearing in New York now.

It explains how you can have a costume made in any of these 185 styles cut to your individual measurements, shaped to become you and to make the most of the good points of your figure

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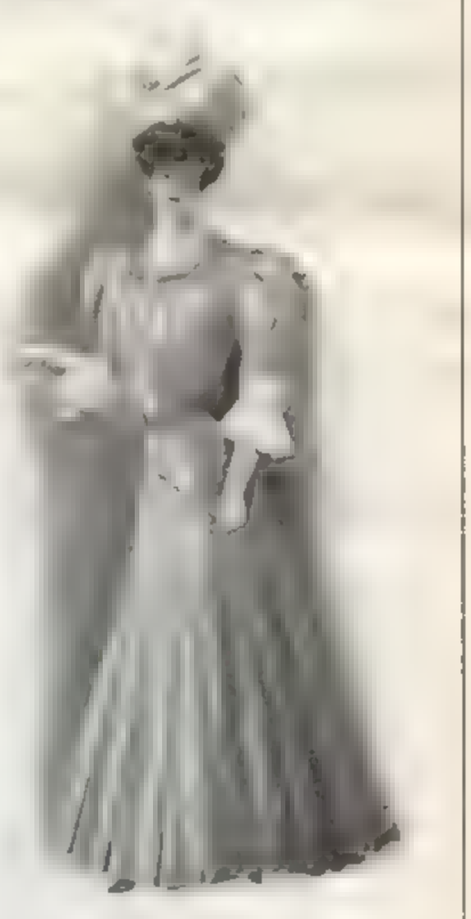
Our system of fit [illegible] years experience during which time we have won and kept [illegible] of [illegible] is why we know we can please you.

We positively guarantee to fit you perfectly and give entire satisfaction or promptly refund your money.



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Our Spring Fashion Book tells [illegible]

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Also a full line of the new 'Pony' Walking Suits, Sailor Suits and demi-tailored Gowns.

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"To Serve All Purposes"

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Exclusively the products of the

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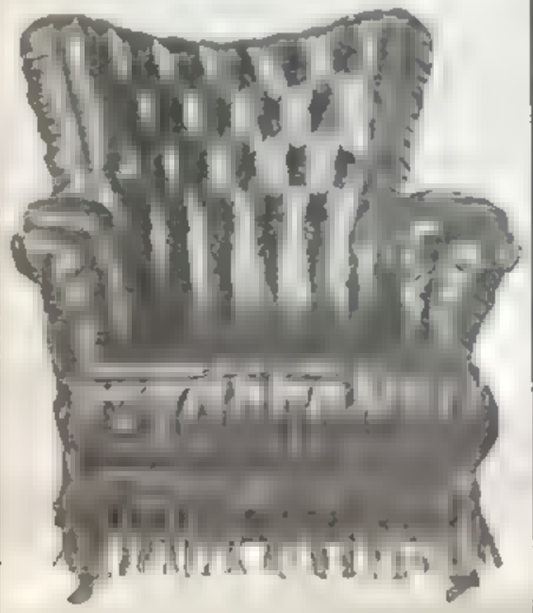
for which it is the REGISTERED TRADEMARK.

What are its practical uses?

Many, but notably a SUBSTITUTE FOR LEATHER for all upholstery, indistinguishable from Leather and costing only one-third as much



Introduced on the market in 1892, it has stood the practical test of time. To thousands it is a household word, but, in this great country, to many the name, its meaning and the product are unknown.

Education is the Keynote of American Success

We desire to educate everyone in the beauty, usefulness and economy of Pantasote for household requirements. We therefore make this

Free Offer

To all who write us before April 1st an answer to the Conundrum given below, we will send a handsome little book, entitled **"The Man in the Stage Coach,"** illustrated in colors; and to all whose answer is the correct one, we will send, in addition, a handsome embossed art square suitable for a chair seat, cushion or foot stool.

CONUNDRUM

Who was the person specifically referred to in the Bible but whose name is not mentioned therein; whose death is the most remarkable recorded in history; the cause of whose death is the name of a well-known modern novel; and whose remains is in every household?

The correct answer will be published in our advertisement in this magazine of April 11

Address

Pantasote Company

Dept. S

11 Broadway, N. Y.

THE WAY HE WON HER

(Concluded from Page 5)

Into a slight hollow the light snow had blown until it had formed a small drift amidst the still brown land. It lay even and white as an uninscribed page, and on it —yes—no—what did he read in irregular letters, traced with the end of a stick?—"Janet." And after it what was that? Marks had hurriedly been made as if to obliterate the characters, but there it was indubitably—revealingly—confessedly—"Mason."

His heart gave a great bound. He himself followed with something of a start. As he detected a slight figure among the trunks of the trees he dropped what he held and started forward. The slim winter dryad fled. He broke into a run. Suddenly the flying nymph stumbled a little, then sank down with a soft cry in a huddled heap.

"Janet—Miss Brown!" he exclaimed, coming up.

"Oh, I've sprained my ankle!" she cried. "You should not have frightened me so. It's all your fault. You made me run. I thought you were——"

"I'm sorry!" he exclaimed. "I telegraphed that I was coming."

"Yes," she murmured, sitting on the ground. "How did you know where I was? I never dreamed," she hurried on breathlessly, "of meeting you when I left the others and came out for a walk, though they said at the station when I telephoned that some one had got off the train and, as there was no other way, was coming to the house on foot. I thought the shortest path was in quite another direction—I considered you a robber at least and ran——"

"Miss Brown—Janet——" he stammered.

She looked up with a mild air of disapproval and of surprise—also of expectation.

"I don't care!" he hurried on recklessly. "Did you write that?"

"What?"

"In the snow. I can't wait for your answer. It must be only one thing. That night when I first saw you at the ball and said I'd know you, I swore equally I'd have you. I've been moving Heaven and earth to do it ever since, and Janet, may I——"

"Yes," she said promptly, though in a low tone.

Bending down he lifted her up like a little girl.

"I couldn't endure the suspense a moment after I saw that photograph—was afraid of a rival."

"What photograph?" she asked innocently.

"There—on your desk—in the music-room."

"That?" she replied with a happy gurgle. "Why, that's the picture of the Crown Prince of Ruritaria which I bought in Paris because I thought that he was rather nice-looking for royalty. It was for sale in every shop-window."

"Then—he—you——" he gasped.

"You dear—goose!" she said compassionately, but adoringly. "And I don't mind confessing that my ankle is not sprained, either."

"Then it's all right," he cried exultingly as, putting her down on her feet, he still held her in his arms—"though I have had such hard work winning you."

The Colonel's Oath

DAVID MULVANE, the banker of Topeka, tells a story of the early days of Dodge City in that State when Judge Strang was a judge in one of the courts.

Judge Strang was obliged to be absent a good deal of the time, and every time he went away the lawyers would get together and elect a fire-eating old Confederate colonel judge pro tem.

"Why do you always elect the Colonel judge pro tem.?" some one inquired.

"Oh," said the leader of the bar, "we do it because we like to see the old sardine take the oath of allegiance to the United States!"

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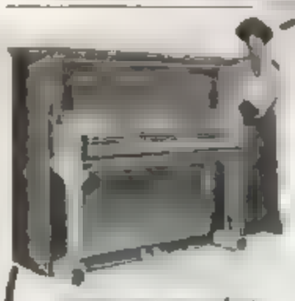

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Teller Carpet Co., 734 Grand Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

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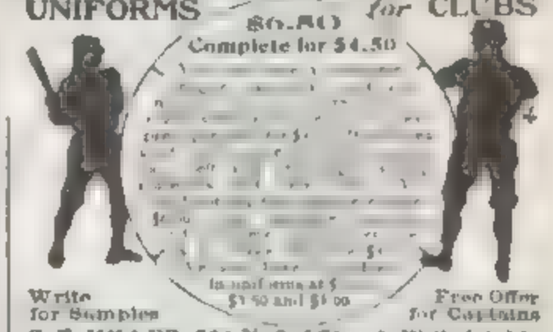

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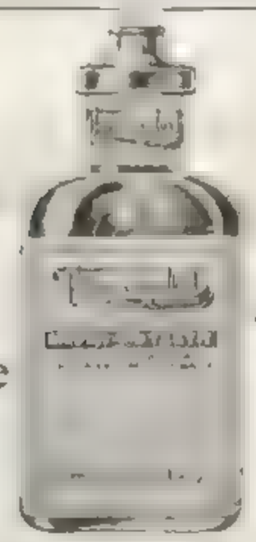

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Thy-ca-lol AN ANTISEPTIC

Mouth-Bath

cannot be described. Its cleanly tingle can be appreciated only by an actual trial. Therefore, we offer you a bottle free.

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Thy-ca-lol Is the Only Proved Antiseptic Prepared Exclusively for the Mouth and Teeth

In concentrated *liquid* form, it accomplishes what no mere powder, paste or soapy dentifrice can ever accomplish—perfect antiseptic cleanliness of the entire mouth. Powders and pastes are at the best mere *surface polishers*—the soapy dentifrice can only *scrub* and *perfume*.

Thy-ca-lol prevents decay and discoloration of the teeth and purifies the breath, not by polishing and perfuming, but by penetrating every crack and crevice of the teeth, every recess of the mouth, destroying the germs of decay and deodorizing the *cause* of any unpleasant taste or breath.

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The Elwin Laboratory
340 Main Street
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SENSE & NONSENSE

Mike's Rise in the World

MIKE REDDY was a railroad man at Boise, Idaho, well known and well liked by everybody. One night Mike fell beneath a train and had both legs cut off.

He was taken to the hospital and recovered in the course of time. His accident cost him his savings as well as his legs, and after he got around again his friends subscribed several hundred dollars and sent Mike to Chicago to get two cork substitutes.

He came back in a month or two, walking spryly, but he didn't seem to be the same old Mike. People looked at him as he creaked down the street and wondered. Finally, a committee of his friends asked him about it.

"Mike," they said, "what did they do to you up there in Chicago besides making you a pair of legs?"

"Nothing that I know of," Mike replied.

"Yes, they did. You look different than when you went away. What was it?"

"Oh," said Mike, grinning, "I know what you mean. I was allays a short feller with me own legs, and when the man was making the cork ones I just told him to make them four inches longer than the old ones were, so I could get up in the world a bit."

The Bright Looney-Loon

When the Looney-loon travels through alien lands
From his home in the Catchuma-junk
He carefully takes off his feet and his hands
And locks them away in a trunk.
He smokes a cigar through the top of his head,
And when people stare at his brain
He pulls down the curtain and crawls into bed
And screams till they start up the train.

Oh, the bright Looney-loon
He bays at the moon
A concert of popular airs;
And the Spookey-spook moans
At the horrible tones—
But it's little the Looney-loon cares.

When the Looney-loon goes to a lecture and hears
A discourse on science or art,
He sits on the platform and [illegible] his ears
And lays both his feet on his [illegible]
And when all the children observe him with glee
He says with a cynical squawk:
"You'd better not sit there a-staring at me
Or you'll miss half the gentleman's talk!"

Oh, the bright Looney-loon
Often rides a balloon
And simpers and whimpers and stares,
While folks say: "Too bad
That the creature is mad!"
But it's little the Looney-loon cares.

When the Looney-loon calls upon ladies at eight
He shows his most diffident ways;
He drops down the chimney and sits on the grate
Till his coat-tails catch fire in the blaze.
And when all the ladies cry: "Isn't he queer!"
He leaps with a scream of delight,
And hangs by his teeth to a gilt chandelier
Till the guests have gone home for the night.

Oh, the bright Looney-loon
Takes advice with a spoon,
As much as he decently dares.
While folks say: "We think
He is dying of drink"—
But it's little the Looney-loon cares.

— *Wallace Irwin*

Padded Pass Lists

APROPOS of the pass evil and the extent to which it is carried, there is a story current that the president of a Western railroad, upon being chosen to that position, dispatched the following letter to his subordinates about a month before the first of the year:

Dear Sir:

Will you kindly forward to this office on or before December 15 a list of those persons you think entitled to annual passes from your department? These lists will be for the consideration of this office in the issuance of passes.

Very truly yours,

— —
President.

Obedient to this direction, the several departments prepared and forwarded to the president lists of those persons to whom the departments felt obliged, for one reason and another, to issue annuals. After consideration of the lists, the president returned them with the following letter:

Dear Sir

I requested in my letter of recent date, lists of persons entitled to annual passes. I return you herewith the poll lists of the Northwestern States which you have evidently forwarded to me by mistake. Kindly forward the lists requested at your earliest convenience.

Very truly yours,

—
President.

His Song of Satan

I

I rise up, I rise up
'Fo' de breakin' er de day,
Kaze I want ter see Br'er Satan
'Fo' his time ter fly away.

II

I look fer him dis way,
I look fer him dat,
But I fail fer ter find him,
En I dunno whar he at!

III

Den a Voice it come a-sayin':
"Don't fly fum star ter star;
Ef you look in de lookin'-glass
You'll see de devil dar!"

— *Frank L. Stanton.*

Funny, Isn't It?

THAT so few chauffeurs are Turks, though every Turk is an Automan.

That the rascal who throws pepper at another may be held for assault.

That people with the least brain are invariably the ones of most nerve.

That while the whole world is making one revolution South America alone can quite readily make two or three.

—*Warwick James Price.*

From the Grammar of Love

Conjugation of the word "buss," "to kiss":
Buss—A kiss.
Rebus—To kiss again.
Pluribus—To kiss many times.
Syllabus—To kiss a homely girl.
Diabolobus—To kiss the wrong person
Omnibus—To kiss everybody.
Erebus—To kiss in the dark.

A Tip to Cupid

To pop the question goes to show
That Cupid, thinking o'er it,
Might trade his antiquated bow,
And get a pop-gun for it.

—*Sam R. Stinson.*

Where the Lard Came From

WHEN B. L. Winchell, the president of the Rock Island Railroad, was a little fellow, about ten years of age, he was sent into the country to visit his grandfather.

The old gentleman had a large farm, and Ben was much impressed and delighted with country sights, which he saw for the first time. At the end of a week he wrote his mother:

Dear Mamma:

I wish you were here. I am having a nice time. Yesterday Grandpa killed two hogs and took forty pounds of lard from

Your loving BEN.

A Modern Version

Little Bo Peep
She lost her sheep,
But she never did think [illegible]
[illegible]
And disclosed to the eye
That she still had a couple of calves!

—*Sam R. Stinson.*

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The Colonial Endowment Contract is issued for any amount, in even thousands. It is payable in installments, every year, for 5, 10 [illegible] 20 years. Pay $34.20 a year, for 20 years [illegible] withdraw $1000 cash—or it will be paid [illegible] your heirs, if you die after last payment has been made. If death occur earlier, all deposits will be repaid together with the accumulated [illegible]

In free Booklet A 36.

Another way: Make one cash deposit, $[illegible] for a $[illegible] the sum deposited, together with the accumulated interest after proper notice and proof of death. Money can be withdrawn, any time, by giving proper notice on either one of these contracts. Cost is proportionate to the sum desired and the time at which contract matures. Full information about this cash plan in Booklet A 36, free.

[illegible]

These contracts are issued by a prominent loan and trust corporation of Pittsburgh, Pa. They are absolutely guaranteed. All money received on Colonial Endowment Contracts is invested in approved securities, and kept separate from the other assets of the Company. Besides every dollar of its entire Capital and Surplus is liable for the faithful completion of every contract accepted.

THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY
317 Fourth Ave. 314-316 Diamond St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Capital, $4,000,000 00
Surplus and Profits, $4,000,000 00

Pure Candy For Every Woman

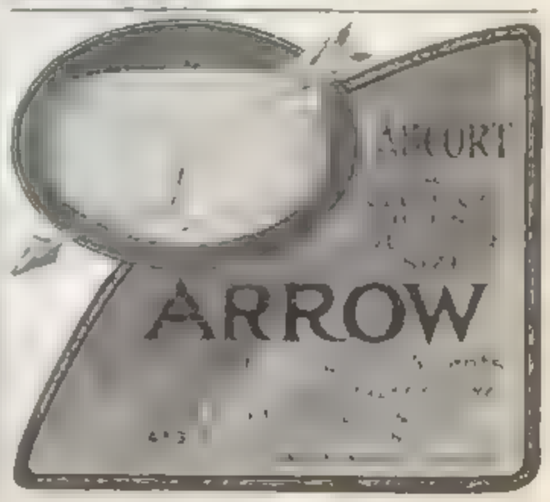
People Who Appreciate Quality Declare "Taylor-Made" Chips The Ideal Confection.

A delicate, brittle wafer of honey and molasses covered with rich vanilla chocolate! That's a "Taylor-Made" Honey Comb Chocolate Chip, and [illegible] piece of candy never was made. The purity of all the ingredients, the fresh clover honey, the New Orleans sugar cane molasses and the specially blended chocolate,—this and the original "Taylor-Made" process distinguish these chips from all other confections and explain their popularity.

[illegible] one point on which the [illegible] Honey Comb Chocolate [illegible] and it is the one point that is never lost sight of in the great factory of the Taylor Bros. Co. in Battle Creek, Mich[illegible], by the way, which is declared to be the m[illegible] factory of the world, clean in every sense, flooded with pure air and sunshine, and free from any possible contamination.

Ask your dealer for "Taylor-Made" Honey Comb Chocolate Chips. The name is on every chip and it's a name worth looking for, for "Taylor-Made" means best. There are no cheap "Taylor-Made" candies; no second grades. The name is your guarantee of quality. For sale by druggists, grocers and confectioners.

To any lady sending five 2-cent stamps and the name of her candy dealer, druggist or grocer, to Taylor Bros. Co., 120 Taylor Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich., [illegible] a fancy box of this [illegible]



"You will find Pleasure and Comfort in every box containing six pairs of Shawknit Socks"

"Ask Your Dealer for Shawknit Socks." He should have them in Black, Fancy Colors, Fancy Stripes, Mixtures and Embroideries; also, Black with White Soles and Oxford Mixture with Pure White Interior.

All Genuine have on toe Shawknit

They are made in
COTTON
LISLE
GAUZE-LISLE
WOOL
WORSTED
MERINO
LINEN

And in
FIVE WEIGHTS
SIZES 9 to 11½

Illustrated Color Catalogue Sent Free

Here is an assortment of Light Weights in Cotton, Fancy Stripes, and Embroideries:

Style D 7 Black Ground, White Hair line Stripes
" D 8 Navy Blue "
" D 13 Tan Ground "
" 19 F 30 Black Neat Fine Embroidered Cardinal Figures
" 38 F 10 Navy Blue Neat Fine Embroidered White Figures
" 91 F 90 Tan Neat Fine Embroidered Lt. Brown Figures.

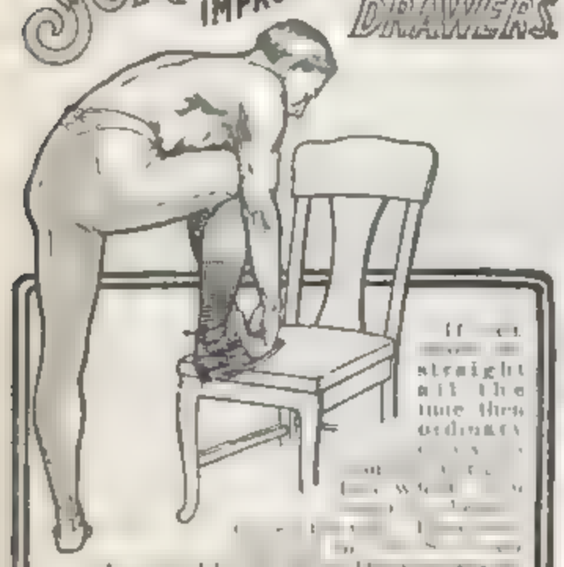
If you cannot get these from your dealer, send your order to us.

Price, 25 cents per pair, or the Six Pairs in a Neat Box for $1.50

Delivery charges prepaid in the U. S. upon receipt of price. Our 28 years' reputation is back of every pair.

SHAW STOCKING CO.
80 Shaw St., Lowell, Mass.

The SCRIVEN IMPROVED ELASTIC-SEAM DRAWERS



straight all the time like ordinary

Made in a variety of f
on perfectly in waist and inseam
Ask your dealer for your size—knee or full length. If he cannot su
These drawers cost no mo
nary good kind. **Send for illustrated book**

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Sole Manufacturers, 16 East 15th St., New York

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farms and on
Carolina Truck-ing Development Company Wilmington, N. C

REDUCED RATES
do California,
Washington and Oregon
BEKINS MOVING AND SHIPPING CO
95 Washington St. Chicago.

THE PRISONER AT THE BAR

(Continued from Page 9)

he is apt to learn, in no unmeasured terms, what the judge and the community think of him.

A negro ex-convict who had committed a crime of violence, and had expected to receive from fifteen to twenty years in State's prison, when arraigned at the bar was sentenced to what he supposed to be eight years. As this was about half of what he had anticipated, he made his exit with a face wreathed in smiles, bowing delightedly to his various friends among the spectators. In point of fact, the judge was suffering from a cold and had sentenced the defendant to eighteen years, of which fact the latter was promptly informed when he reached the foot of the stairs leading to the prison pen.

A layman happening to be present on a Friday in the Court of General Sessions would be surprised at the apparent lightness of most of the sentences. The judges of our criminal courts are merciful men and rightly believe that a year or two in State's prison has a better effect upon the defendant than a longer term. A short-term man emerges, at least it is so to be hoped, with some aspirations for the future and with health as yet not undermined. To most judges the infliction of sentence upon a fellow human being ever remains a bitter experience. In the old days, however, there were some judges who, not unlike Jeffries, took a certain grim satisfaction in the performance of this duty. There was one of them many years ago who seemed to take a particular delight in as far as possible prolonging the agony of the defendant's uncertainty. When a prisoner had been arraigned for sentence this judge would wait for absolute silence, and would then with the greatest deliberation address a long harangue to the unfortunate man, characterize his crime in the severest manner, excoriate him for having committed it, name the maximum penalty which the law allowed, intimate that he was going to impose it, and then, after a long hiatus, slowly take down his sentence book, ink his pen with annoying deliberation, cough two or three times, look around the courtroom and begin, carefully inscribing each word upon the record before him, "I—shall—therefore—sentence you—to" (cough, another glance around the room) "five years in State's prison."

Many pathetic and also amusing incidents occur upon these occasions. There is a true story of an incident which, however, did not occur in the General Sessions of New York County, where a prisoner who had been convicted was arraigned before the judge for sentence. This judge was an aged man with a great reputation for his bitter wit and sarcasm. The prisoner, who had been convicted of being a common gambler and who was described by the court officers as a "fly guy," appeared in a loudly-checked yellow and black suit with a red necktie and a large paste diamond horseshoe pin. The judge from under his beetling eyebrows looked fiercely down upon him from the bench and remarked with intense scorn:

"I sentence you to pay a fine of $50——"

"That's all right, judge," responded the "fly guy" nonchalantly, thrusting his hand into his trousers. "Got it in my pants' pocket."

"——And to three years and six months in State's prison," continued his Honor. "*Have you got that in your pants' pocket?*"

Recorder Smyth had a habit of entering the sentences which he proposed to inflict in a book which he kept for that purpose. He also generally made use of a regular set form of expression when imposing them. A miserable little defendant, who was gifted with a greater fund of originality than of common sense, had conceived the extraordinary idea of stealing a ship's anchor belonging to a company which owned a dock in the North River. For this purpose he procured a dray, drawn by six or eight horses, and a derrick, by means of which he hoisted the anchor in question upon the dray in the dead of night and, as might have been expected, succeeded in getting only about half-way down the dock with it before he was apprehended by a watchman. Naturally he had no adequate explanation to offer and promptly pleaded guilty. He was arraigned at the bar in company with several other defendants. Recorder Smyth,

Mullins Pressed Steel Boats

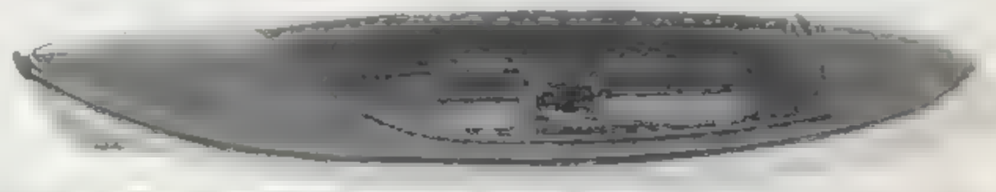
Are the Best Boats Built Anywhere—by Anybody

Built of smooth pressed steel plates with air chambers in bow and stern. They will not burn, rot, crack, warp, dent or leak—**absolutely safe.** They can't crack, leak or sink—are elegant in design and finish. The ideal pleasure boats for family use, summer resorts, parks, etc.—endorsed by sportsmen, and every boat is guaranteed.

They Can't Sink

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

Send for catalogue which illustrates and describes our complete line of craft. Every Mullins boat is sold under an absolute guarantee—you run no risk in ordering.



22 ft. Motor Boat Equipped with 6 H. P. Mullins Reversible Speed 11 to 12 miles an hour. Price complete $330.00

18 ft. Motor Boat Shur-non paint outside. 3 H. P. Mullins Reversible "Non-explosive" exhaust. Speed 8 miles an hour. Fast—safe—noiseless. Price complete, $310.00.

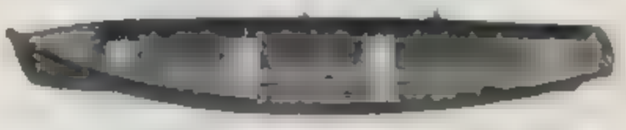
16 ft. Motor Boat Decks and interior finish of oil. 1½ H. P. Mullins Reversible $225.00.

The Special Lavers chambers. Complete with one pair straight ash oars $28.00.

The Queen $29.00.

The Prince. Length 14 ft., beam 34 in. One of the best pleasure products ever designed. Beautifully finished. Painted aluminum outside, light blue inside. Natural wood trimmings. Large air chambers in each end. Easy to row. Complete with one pair 7½ ft. ash oars. $30.00.

The Sultan. Modelled on the $55.00.



The Buckeye Row boat. Fitted with air chambers and is grass paint or aluminum pa Complete with one pair 7 $24.00.

The "Get There" Duck Boat. $20.00 $27.00

Yacht Tender or Dingey.—Length 11 ft., beam 18 in. The safest, easiest running yacht Will not crack when hauled or exposed to sun and wind Natural wood trimmings. Complete with one pair 7½ ft. ash oars, feathered $30.00

Smooth-skin Canvasback—Length 15 ft., 34 in. wide in middle or beam. Open seat as the regular deck and high gunwale protect the inside of the boat, insuring a dry, clean and comfortable boat at all times. Painted a dead grass color. Complete with slat seat, two oars, one pair 7½ ft. ash oars, one paddle, detachable seat. $40.00

The W. H. Mullins Co., 331 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio

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Special 60-Day Offer

To Introduce Our New Excelsior Solar Telescope

No telescope with a solar eye piece has ever before been sold for less than $5.00 or $10.00

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the entire telescope to all who wish to behold the sun in its tranquil beauty. Remove the solar eye piece lens and you have a good practical telescope for land observations, etc.

POSITIVELY ... to escape was never ... price before ... re made by ...

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Over 3½ Feet Long.

CIRCUMFERENCE 5¾ INCHES.

PRICE ONLY **$1.00** BY EXPRESS

The brightest spots on the Sun ... Get our Special Telescope and see them

Worth Many Times the Price.

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... ONE AND TRY IT.

Booklet containing information ... free with each order.

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Kirtland Bros. & Co.

Dept. B. F.

90 Chambers St., New York

ILLUSTRATION ABOVE ONE-THIRD ACTUAL LENGTH

his mind still dwelling upon the words with which he had sentenced a former prisoner, thus addressed the miscreant:

"You have pleaded guilty to the crime of stealing a ship's anchor!" Then raising his voice he continued, with perfect solemnity: "The crime of stealing a ship's anchor is *becoming entirely too prevalent!* I sentence you to three years and a half in State's prison."

In contrast with those cheerful days on Manhattan, not much over a century ago, when common scolds were ducked in the North River, negroes burnt to death in chains, and thieves branded on the forehead in open court and then tied bareback to the tail of a cart and whipped at every street corner from the City Hall to the Battery and return, the following incident may serve as a pleasant reminder of our progress in civilization:

A young Irishman of excellent address, and employed in a responsible position by an express company, appropriated, at the instigation of evil companions, some of the funds intrusted to his keeping. The larceny was detected, he was arrested and admitted his guilt. Meantime, some one had written to his parents in Ireland, who lived in a remote parish in the humblest circumstances. The two old people sold their little cottage as well as their pig and cow, and took steerage passage from Queenstown to New York. They arrived upon the day set for their son's sentence, entering the courtroom as he was arraigned at the bar. Amid floods of tears mutual recognition followed, and the prisoner, overwhelmed at this touching proof of his parents' love, begged the judge to listen to their supplication for mercy. Their simple story deeply affected the Court, who discharged the defendant in their keeping under his solemn promise to return with them to Ireland, there to honor and labor for them so long as they should live.

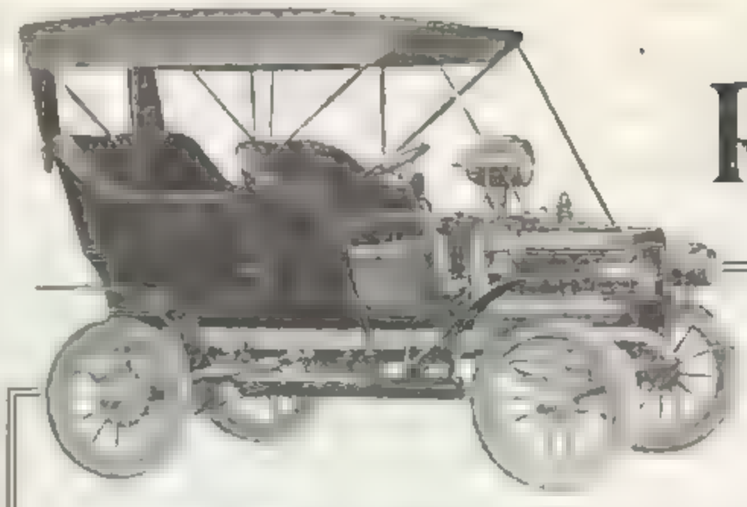
On the Old Frontier

IT WOULD be useless to attempt the story of all the bad men ever produced on Texas soil. A long chapter could be written on these lines for the sleepy and quiet city of San Antonio alone. One of the famous killings at San Antonio was that when the notorious bad man, Ben Thompson, was killed, together with his friend, King Fisher. Ben Thompson himself was almost a type of the Western bad man, handsome, well mannered and quiet of speech. He was of English descent and was born at Lockhart, Texas, though a citizen of Austin in his later years. He was a well-built man, gray-eyed, with dark and slightly curling hair. He had killed over twenty men, among others the owner of the theatre at San Antonio. Then he ordered the theatre closed, and served notice that on a certain afternoon he would come down from Austin and see his orders enforced.

A prominent citizen, who saw him that afternoon, denies that Thompson had any intention of making a disturbance. Billy Sims, manager of the theatre—a man still living in San Antonio—asked friends what he should do in view of the threats made. A judge of the court advised him to resort to weapons. Be these things as they may, that night Ben Thompson and King Fisher appeared at the theatre. A big Mexican by the name of Coy stepped behind Thompson and held his arms, and at that moment Winchester firing began from the proscenium box. After it was over, Thompson and Fisher were laid out on a billiard table for view of the populace. This was in the spring of 1882. King Fisher was younger than Thompson, a dark-haired product of Goliad County, which turned out more than its share of bad men.

The upper cow range had its time of bad men, but history is much distorted here by the newspapers. For instance, there were hundreds of columns of frenzied fiction written about a little two-by-four cow war in Johnson County, Wyoming, in which only a couple of men were killed. This was a commercial proposition, for by this time a great deal of Eastern capital was invested in the cattle business. The foremen and cow-punchers did not like to have their ancient privilege of a personal branding iron taken away from them. Still less interest attaches to the vigilante days in California and Montana, although the regulators on the Montana cow range ran across some men who deserved to be called something better than thieves and murderers.

—*Emerson Hough.*



REO

REO Touring Car

16 h. p., 1600 pounds, 90-inch wheel base, 5 passengers, side door detachable tonneau. Speed 35 miles per hour. $1250.

Honest Power, Honest Price

Any one can speed up a motor in the factory, with a heavy fly-wheel so that for a period of ten seconds it will show a high brake horsepower; but that is a mere trick. It is no test. REO rating is not "faked" in that way. It is obtained by an actual ten-hour dynamo test. It is accurate; it is honest; and above all, it is thoroughly proven by unquestioned performance.

Those were REO cars that captured five out of seven prizes in the National Six Day Economy Test

It was a REO that broke the middle-weight speed record on the Syracuse race track; a REO that lowered its class record twenty-three minutes in the "Climb to the Clouds" up Mount Washington, and a REO that won three cups in one day on Paddock Hill, Cincinnati—beating all twenty competitors, eight of them having nearly double its rating and price.

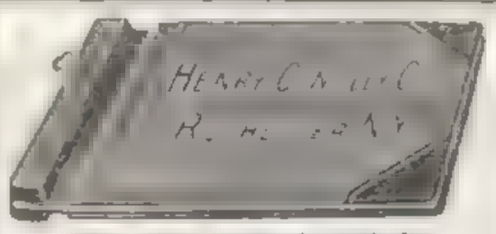
Write for the REO book that tells why.

REO Four-Seat Runabout – 8 h. p., 1000 pounds, 25 miles per hour. With folding seat to carry two extra passengers, $675.

REO-GRAPH Showing the inside of a typical motor in actual moving operation, sent to you for six cents in stamps addressed to Dept. 60.

REO Motor Car Co., Sales Department, LANSING, MICH.
R. E. Olds, *Pres.* R. M. Owen, *Sales Mgr.*

Agencies throughout the United States



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THE ONLY BINDER

that holds ONE SHEET and upward securely.

If not entirely satisfactory your money refunded.

HENRY CONOLLY COMPANY
Makers of Loose Leaf Devices
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Send for Catalog and Prices

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... the letters ... Polk Miller's celebrated Book on Dogs. How to Take Care of Them, the eloquent Senator Vest's masterful Tribute to a Dog, A Yellow Dog's Love, ... of the ... just to advertise Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies.

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ILLUSTRATING TAUGHT BY MAIL by the original mail instructor. Many celebrated pupils. Courses in magazine, comic, advertising art. Highly profitable work. Catalogue. New York Correspondence Class, 114 W. 29th St., New York

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Straighten Your Legs

... ve, durable and give ... and comfort. Simple ... never observed, natural ...

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Government Positions

39,427 Appointments were made to Civil Service posts during the past year. Excellent opportunities for you. Each year we instruct by mail hundreds of persons who pass the examinations and receive appointments to life positions at $840 to $1,600 a year. If you desire a ... write for our Civil Service Announcement ... places for holding examinations, and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

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Show Card Writing or Lettering

Only field not overcrowded. ... Open ... only special ... FREE ...

The Detroit School of Lettering, Dept. B, Detroit, Mich.
Oldest and largest school of its kind.

PICK THE LAYERS

The trick of egg getting is in choosing the good layers, the pullets that will grow into layers, young cocks that will breed layers. ...

The Walter Hogan System

of increasing egg production by selection and breeding. Anyone can use it and shortly double his egg yield. Little expense for big results. Prospectus free. Address

THE WALTER HOGAN COMPANY
5 National Bank Bldg., Fergus Falls, Minnesota

FLAT ALL CLASP SILK

BRIGHTON
Flat Clasp Garter

for solid comfort. The newest shades and designs of one piece, silk web, not mercerized cotton. All metal parts nickeled, cannot rust. 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.

When you pay a retailer 10c for a cigar, where does the 10c go?

The retailer keeps a few cents of it for his profit, the jobber a few cents for his, and only half of that 10c actually reaches the manufacturer to pay for the tobacco and the making of the cigar.

Shivers' Panatela

Does the jobber or the retailer add one iota of value to that cigar? No; on the contrary, the cigar is a little the worse for having passed through the extra hands—it has had more opportunity to dry out, lose its aroma and to absorb foreign odors. So, then, when you buy cigars of a retailer YOU REALLY PAY HIM FOR DEPRECIATING THE QUALITY OF THE CIGARS.

When you buy cigars from me you not only save all jobbers' and dealers' profits, getting your cigars at half retailers' price, but you get your cigars straight from my packing room, from a tobacco atmosphere, in unbroken, uncontaminated packages. So there are advantages of quality as well as of price in my way of selling cigars. Here is my offer that proves it:

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $5.00, within ten days.

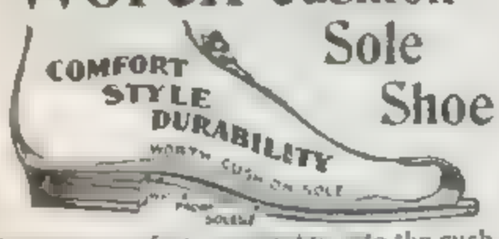
Simply enclose business card or give personal references, and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are wanted.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Smaller Shoe

can often be worn with greatest comfort by buying the

Worth Cushion Sole Shoe



because it [illegible] to the cushion sole, which exactly conforms to the shape of the foot, and the shoe is therefore more comfortable and healthful. Made in many styles. These shoes are waterproof, and especially please young people who desire to wear stylish shoes without rubbers.

Men's $4 & $5. Women's $3.50

Ask dealer for them. If he hasn't them send us [illegible] way to supply you.

THE CUMMINGS CO.
406 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

The Packers and the People

(Continued from Page 2)

to pay freight on 550 pounds of carcass beef than on 1000 pounds of live animal. Immediately following this the railroads endeavored to advance the freight on dressed beef so that they could still continue to ship the animals alive on the hoof, as they were afraid that their tonnage would be materially reduced. It was soon demonstrated that under the new system their beef tonnage was greater and their old live animal tonnage smaller, and though the dressed-beef rates East were much greater per pound than for live animals, yet the freight on 550 pounds of dressed beef is less than on 1000 pounds of live animal.

Winnowing the Waste

The 450 pounds of non-edible material was largely thrown away, although the hide and tallow were utilized. Later, some of the waste product was used in the manufacture of glue. Nitrogen being the chief element in plant food, and this being abundant in the great mass of refuse matter originally thrown away as hopeless waste from all the packer's processes, a most important economic advance was made in the step which turned this large volume of scrappage into fertilizer.

It is good sense and for the best interest of the world that all material not needed to feed, clothe and heal the world should be returned to the ground as food for plants to grow more grain, to feed more cattle and to feed more people. Thus is the circle completed by the packer.

All the cunning of the chemist has been called into service to save, to make the most of every scrap of material in hand, and to discover new ways in which some element of waste may be diverted from uselessness to use. Hundreds of valuable products are now made and shipped all over the world from materials which, under the old methods, had little or no value. Thousands of people are employed in manufacturing these products. The technical schools are constantly being called upon for young men to aid in solving new problems in by-product utilization. New plants are being built requiring material, machinery and labor in their construction. Success in by-product utilization in the packing industry has directed the attention of other industries to this important element in industrial administration.

The People's Share

All this directly affects the people and has been of great benefit to them. The investigator in medicinal and other lines is constantly calling on the packer for material to aid him in his work. In the pharmaceutical line much has been done of benefit, and many ills are helped by pharmaceutical preparations of animal origin. In the fertilizer line many sections are given over to growing products which could not be profitably grown without the use of fertilizers. The upland cotton section of the South has been *made* by the use of fertilizer in the growing of cotton. Sandy soils in sections climatically favorable have been developed into large truck-farming districts through the use of fertilizer, as the soil, without fertilizer, is practically sterile. In the manufacture of fertilizer the packer has done his share in saving material formerly permitted to go to waste.

The furniture of the country is glued with the packer's glue. A great deal of the wool used in clothing is from sheep slaughtered by the packers. One of the largest sources of curled hair is the switch from the tails of cattle. A large portion of the soap manufactured comes from the tallows and greases prepared by the packers. The colors in the summer prints worn by women are largely fixed by the use of albumen prepared by the packers, as is also the finish on many of the finer leathers. The horn-comb, hair-pins and buttons are made from the horns of steers. The knife-handle, the bone button, and many other articles are made from the hard bone of cattle.

Packing-house laboratory products, the results of original research by scientists of the first class, are employed every day by physicians, surgeons, dentists and chemists throughout the world. More than thirty recognized therapeutic agents of animal

ON a damp day or a rainy day you need a rain-proof coat; on a clear cold day, a light-weight overcoat. Get a Watershed. It's truly an any-day coat. Stylish all the time—rain-proof when you need it.

You will always be in good company if you wear Kuppenheimer Clothes. Let our Guarantee Label be your guide. Go to the merchant in your city who advertises Kuppenheimer Clothes.

A booklet, Styles for Men, [illegible], sent upon request.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
MAKERS OF GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON
[illegible] B. Kuppenheimer & Co.

Travelers Checks and Letters of Credit

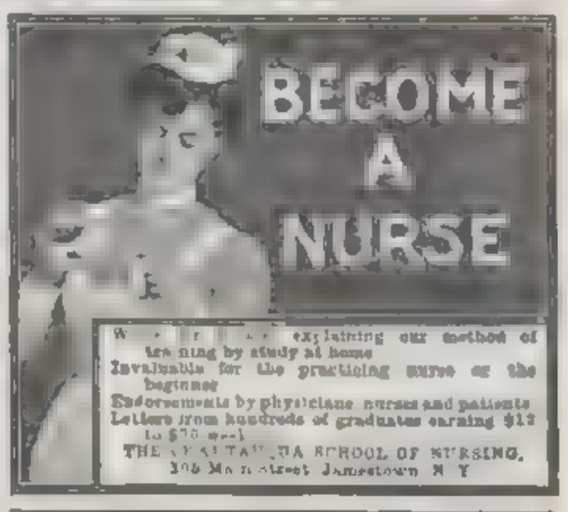
available the world over

now issued by

United States Express Co.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE DEPT.

Apply to any agent of the company



[illegible] explaining our method of training by study at home
Invaluable for the practicing nurse or the beginner
Endorsements by physicians, nurses and patients
Letters from hundreds of graduates earning $12 to $30 [illegible]
THE [illegible] SCHOOL OF NURSING,
306 Main Street Jamestown N. Y.

Motsinger Auto-Sparker

starts and runs Gas Engines without Batteries.

[illegible]

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
[illegible]

Mysterious Skull!

[illegible] 15 cts.
Magic Tricks Jokes etc.
etc., absolutely
WRITE FOR IT TO DAY
FREE THE CREST TRADING CO.
914 Witmark Building, N. Y.

Ideal Shaving and Toilet Mirror

$1.00 *Express prepaid*

You need it whether you shave yourself or not. Indispensable for the toilet. Screws on woodwork anywhere—your hands the only tools required.

Adjustable at Any Angle

Stick in your "grip" when travelling

[illegible] beveled plate mirror
Nickel frame—5 x 7 inches

Wood Manufacturing Co.
530 Drexel Building Philadelphia, Pa.

CRAVATS

Take a piece of woolen cloth, press it between your finger and thumb—it will immediately spring back to smoothness. Take a piece of pure silk—apply the same test, and you will notice a crease.

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Editor's Note—This article will be concluded next week.

The Incomplete Amorist

(Continued from Page 11

"Yes—oh, yes."

"Then I may ask questions. I want to hear what you've been doing since we parted and where you've been, and how you came to Paris—and where your aunt is, and what she'll say to me when she comes in."

"She likes you," said Betty, "and she won't come in, but Madame Gautier will. Aunt Julia went off this morning—she couldn't delay any longer because of catching the P. and O. at Brindisi; and I'm to wait here till Madame Gautier comes at three. Auntie came all the way back from America to see whether I was happy here. She *is* a dear!"

"And who is Madame Gautier? Is she also a dear? But let's have our coffee in the salon—and tell me everything from the beginning"

"Yes," said Betty, "oh, yes!"

But the salon window was darkened by a passing shape.

"My uncle, bless him!" said Vernon. "I must go. See, here's my card! Won't you write and tell me all about everything? You will, won't you?"

"Yes, but you mustn't write to me. Madame Gautier opens all our letters, and friendship wasn't invented when she was young, either. Good-by."

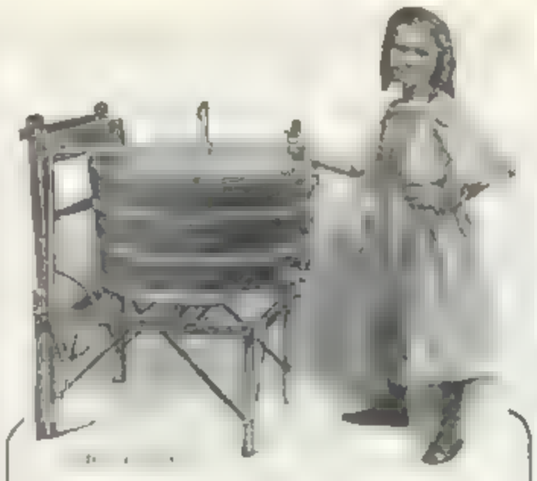
Vernon had to go toward the strong English voice that was filling the hall with its inquiries for "Ung Mossoo—ung mossoo Anglay qui avour certainmong etty icy ce mattan."

Five minutes later Betty saw two figures go along the pavement on the other side of the decorous embroidered muslin blinds which, in the unlikely event of any happening in the Cité de la Retraite, insure its not being distinctly seen by those who sojourn at the Hotel Bête.

Betty instantly experienced that feminine longing which makes women write to lovers or friends from whom they have but now parted, and she was weaker than Lady St. Crave. There was nothing to do. Her trunks were packed. She had before her two hours, or parts of two hours, of waiting for Madame Gautier. So she wrote, and it was the letter, erasures and all. Vernon, when he got it, was most interested in the erasures, here represented by italics:

Dear Mr. Vernon:

I am very glad we are good friends again, and I should like to tell you everything that has happened. (*I love you, after he—When my stepfather*) After the last time I saw you (*I was very unhappy because I wanted to go to Paris*) I was very anxious to go to



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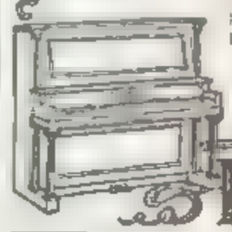

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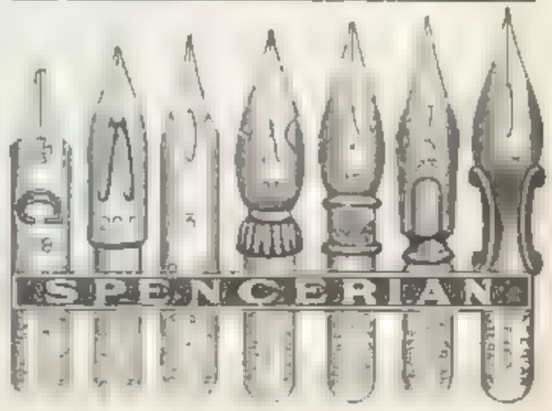

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Paris because of what you had said. My aunt came down and was very kind. (*She told me*) She persuaded my step-father to let me go. I think (*we*) he was glad to get rid of me for (*somehow*) he never did care about me, any more than I did about him. There are a great many (*other*) things that he does not understand. Of course I was wild with joy and thought of nothing but (*what you*) work, and my aunt brought me over. But I did not see anything of Paris then. We went straight on to Joinville where Madame Gautier has a villa, and (*we*) my aunt left me there, and went to Norway. It was all very strange at first, but I liked it. Madame Gautier is very strict; it was like being at school. Sometimes I almost (*forgot*) fancied that I was at school again. There were three other girls besides me, and we had great fun. The Professor was very nice and encouraging. He is very old. So is everybody who comes to the house—(*but*) it (*was*) is jolly, because when there are four of you everything is so interesting. We used to have picnics in the woods, and take it in turn to ride in the donkey-cart. And there were musical evenings with the Pastor and the Avocat and their wives. It was very amusing sometimes. Madame Gautier had let her Paris flat, so we stayed at Joinville till a week ago, and then my aunt walked in one day and took me to Paris for a week. I did enjoy that. And now aunt has gone, and Madame Gautier is taking the inventory and getting the keys, and presently she will come for me, and I shall go with her to the Rue Vaugirard number 62. It will be very nice seeing the other girls again and telling them all about (*everything*) my week in Paris. I am so sorry that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again, but I am glad we met—because I do not like to think my friends do not trust me.

Yours sincerely,
BETTY DESMOND.

That was the letter which Betty posted. But the first letter she wrote was quite different. It began:

> You don't know, you never will know, what it is to me to know that you did not deceive me. My dear friend, my only friend! And how I treated you yesterday! And how nobly you forgave me! I shall see you again. I must see you again. No one else has ever understood me.

And so on to the "True and constant friend, Betty."

She burned this letter.

"The other's all right," she said; "that's the worst of life. If I sent the one that's really written as I feel he'd think I was in love with him or some nonsense. But a child who was just in two syllables might have written the other. So *that's* all right."

She looked at her watch. The same silver watch with which she had once crossed the hand of one who told her fortune.

"How silly all that was!" she said. "I have learned wisdom now. Nearly half-past three. I never knew Madame late before."

And now Betty began to watch the windows for the arrival of her chaperon, and four o'clock came, and five, but no Madame Gautier.

Betty was not minded to stay the night alone at the Hotel Bête. For one thing, she had very little money—save that in the fat envelope addressed to Madame Gautier which her aunt had given her. It contained, she knew, the money to pay for her board and lessons during the next six months, for the elder Miss Desmond was off to India, Japan and Tibet, and her horror of banks and checks made her very downright in the matter of money. Betty decided to go now.

"I will return and take my trunks," she said; and a carriage was called.

There was something very exhilarating in driving through the streets of Paris, alone, in a nice little carriage with fat pneumatic tires. The street lamps were alight and the shops not yet closed. Almost every house seemed to be a shop.

"How glorious it would be to live alone in Paris," she thought, "to be driven about in cabs just when one liked and where one liked! Oh, I am tired of being a schoolgirl! I suppose they won't let me be grown up till I'm so old I shall wish I was a schoolgirl again. I do hope Madame won't be

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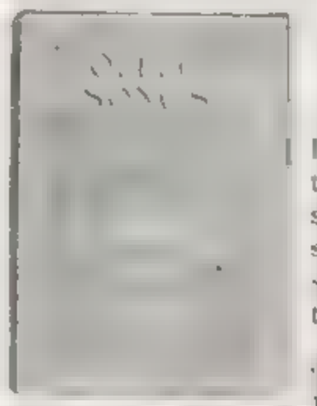

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furious. She couldn't expect me to wait forever. Oh, I'm sure I'm right to go.

The doubt, however, grew as the carriage jolted through narrower streets, and when it drew up at an open carriage-gate Betty jumped out, paid the coachman, and went in quite prepared to be scolded.

She went through the doorway and stood looking for the list of names such as are set at the foot of the stairs leading to flats in London. There was no such list. From a lighted doorway on the right came a babel of shrill, high-pitched voices.

Betty looked in at the door and the voices ceased.

"Pardon, Madame," said Betty. "I seek Madame Gautier."

Every one in the crowded, stuffy, lamplit little room drew a deep breath.

"Mademoiselle is without doubt one of Madame's young ladies?"

Perhaps it was the sudden hushing of the raised voices; perhaps it was something in the flushed faces that all turned toward her. To her dying day Betty will never know why she did not say "Yes." What she did say was:

"I am a friend of Madame. Is she at home?"

"No, Mademoiselle—she is not at home; she will never be at home more, the poor lady. She is dead, Mademoiselle—an accident: one of those cursed automobiles ran over her at her very door, Mademoiselle, before our eyes."

Betty felt sick.

"Thank you," she said; "it is very sudden."

"Will Mademoiselle leave her name?" the concierge asked curiously. "The brother of Madame, he is in the Commerce at Nantes. A telegram has been sent—he arrives to-morrow morning. He will give Mademoiselle details."

Again Betty said what she had not intended to say. She said:

"Miss Brown." Perhaps the brother in the Commerce vaguely suggested the addition "of Manchester."

Then she turned away, and got out of the light into the friendly dusk of the street. She must be alone—think. She would have to write home. Her father would come to fetch her. Her aunt was beyond the reach of appeal. Her artist life would be over. Everything would be over. She would be dragged back to the parishing and the mothers' meetings and the black cotton-covered books and the Sunday-school.

And she would never have lived in Paris at all!

She walked down the street.

"I can't think—I *must* think! I'll have this night to myself to think in, anyway. I'll go to some cheap hotel. I have enough for that."

She hailed a passing carriage, drove to the Hotel Bête, took her luggage to the Gare du Nord, and left it there.

Then as she stood on the station step she felt something in her hand. It was the fat letter addressed to Madame Gautier. And she knew it was fat with banknotes.

She unfastened her dress and thrust the letter into her bosom, buttoning the dress carefully over it.

"But I won't go to my hotel yet," she said; "I won't even look for one. I'll see Paris a bit first."

She hailed a coachman.

"Go," she said, "to some restaurant in the Latin Quarter—where the art students eat.

"And I'm alone in Paris, and perfectly free," said Betty, leaning back on the cushions. "Oh, it is glorious to be perfectly free. Oh, poor Madame Gautier! Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

She held her breath and wondered why she could not feel sorry.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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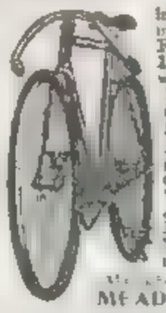

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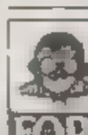

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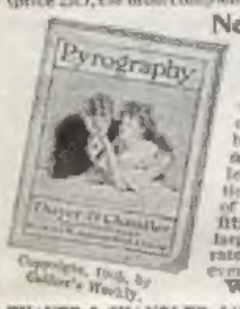

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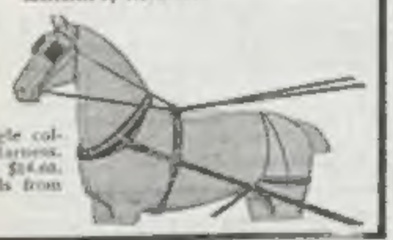

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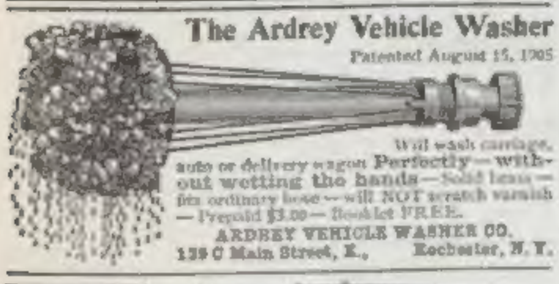

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SEEKING INVESTMENT

(Continued from Page 7)

He again dropped his head upon his hands, and I thought I heard a groan from him.

"There's one other way. You might succeed in getting some other set of men to take this up and reorganize it—but do you suppose that they would offer as liberal terms as I propose? You know well that it is almost certain that they would insist on a high capitalization—lots of water, and so on. It would become a stock-jobbing speculation—and you would be swamped! Furthermore, they could not get the Engine Company, excepting on just such terms as I have stated—of that I am certain. My proposition is altogether different. It starts right! The combination is very desirable. It has success and prosperity written all over it—and with it your position is assured, your interests are taken care of."

"I don't feel so sure of that," he muttered. "Your proposed company will be larger—my interest will be proportionately smaller. Where does my surety come in?"

He was wavering badly. The time had come to cast my last weight into the scales—to tip the balance between what he thought was his duty to his stockholders and his duty to himself.

"Mr. Langeville, I will tell you now that I own a large majority of the stock in the Engine Company. Consequently I shall have the majority in the new company. I pledge you my word that you shall have my support for the presidency. Don't you see what it all means? You own a majority of the bonds—I of the stock. It won't be a company—it'll be Langeville and Dubble! Nobody else will count!"

He lifted his head slowly and wearily; then, picking up his hat, said in a dejected manner:

"I'll think it all over, Mr. Dubble. It requires a great deal of consideration to determine what is best for all parties."

Then he left me, and, as I said before, I knew that I had him!

Six months later the Toonsville Electric Company was organized in precisely the way upon which I had determined. It had taken over the American Dynamo Company and the Toonsville Engine Company. I was talking over its affairs with Rainsford, when he said:

"Dick! I haven't a very mathematical head, and I'll be hanged if anything short of that can understand just how you secured absolute control of this four-million-dollar company with an investment of less than eighty thousand—only two per cent. of the capital!"

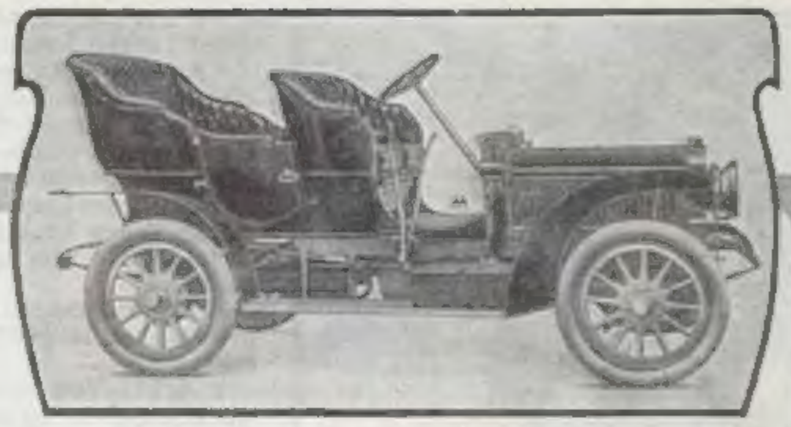
"It is very simple," I replied. "You remember that I bought your old stock for forty thousand dollars. This I traded to Shackleford for bonds, of a face value of one hundred thousand. Then I bought in six thousand shares of the Engine Company's stock for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars."

"Yes! Yes! That's all clear. Go on!"

"In the reorganization, I took bonds in the new company in exchange for the old. Also I took new stock in exchange for the old in the proportion of two to one—twelve thousand shares. As the total issue of new stock is only twenty thousand shares, you see I have a clear majority. And as the bonds have no voting power, I, as the heaviest stockholder, have absolute control of the whole company. I have sold my bonds—having no use for six per cent. investments—and a chance offered to put them in with the half million improvement bonds we marketed. We realized eighty-three, so that I have got back eighty-three thousand dollars of my original investment—and still have all my stock."

Rainsford whistled softly to himself for a few minutes. Then he remarked: "It's clear enough, now, but it's wonderful, Dick, wonderful! And, as far as I can see, the companies are stronger and give better promise than ever!"

"They certainly do!" I rejoined. I was feeling quite elated at the successful outcome of it all. "The two lines naturally belong to each other, and we have upward of half a million cash, from the sale of the improvement bonds, to spend upon up-to-date tools. It only wants decent management to bring big results. I'll have my stock at par in a couple of years!"



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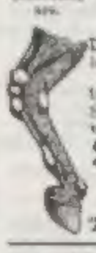

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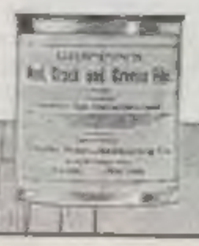

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"What are you going to do with Langeville?" asked Rainsford.

"As long as he keeps quiet and behaves himself, I'll let him hold the presidency. He makes a good figurehead. Of course, the directors will be my men. I shall put Mr. McGregor in as manager. He always insists on good equipment and good workmen. When he has these the results are certain. He is a most able and valuable man!"

Rainsford mused over it all a few moments, then laughed good-naturedly as he said:

"Dick! You wouldn't have got my stock at twenty if I had seen a little deeper."

"And you would not have realized five if I had not seen a little deeper, Rainsford!"

. . . . . .

"Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds; but the wind passeth, and cleanseth them."

I was thinking over this text as I walked to my office the next morning—thinking of my success in clearing away the clouds of mismanagement and dilatoriness from the two important industries—of the great benefit which would accrue to our town from my efforts in rescuing them from the unprofitable gloom in which they had been groping. As I entered my private room I was startled by seeing Shackleford seated there. He had been suffering from an attack of brain fever, I believe, and I did not know he was out again.

I stepped forward, saying cordially:

"Why, my dear Mr.——"

"Don't you 'dear' me!" he interrupted wildly. "I've come to ask a question—not to listen to any taffy!"

His appearance alarmed me. His face was drawn and ghastly white, save for a deep red blotch high up on each cheek. I could see that the fever still raged in him. His eyes were distended and bloodshot, and his arm trembled violently as he stretched it out. I should have opened the door again, but he had walked over and placed himself against it.

"What have you done with my stocks?" he demanded, in a heavy, thick tone.

"Now my de—I mean, Mr. Shackleford, you are injuring yourself by this excitement. Sit down and let us talk quietly."

"What have you done with my stocks?" he again demanded.

I thought it better not to increase his excitement, so I answered: "Why, Shackleford, you know, of course, that there was an order of the court, and that the plant was sold out under the mortgage. You surely know that!"

"What have you done with my stocks?" he repeated.

"There was nothing left, Shackleford, after the bondholders were paid. We were hoping to have done something for the stockholders in the combination, but it was impossible."

"You atrocious liar!" he said fiercely. "You never tried that! You planned from the first to freeze us out! It was what you traded that stock to me for. You thieving whelp! Do you know what you have done? I am an old man, and my last dollar has gone. I am a pauper, and my family is wanting the bare necessities of life!"

"Shackleford!" I said earnestly, "you are wrong—utterly wrong. I was powerless in the——"

"No more lies!" he shouted. "I know the whole thievish scheme from start to finish! Hypocrite and scoundrel! On one day of the week you dole out the bread of life to your Sabbath-school—on the other six you are stealing from the children's mouths."

In his insane excitement he had walked over to my desk, and, seeing my chance, I made a dash for the door.

There was a flash—a report—a bullet whistled past my head, and I dropped to the floor. Instantly the door crashed open and my faithful janitor, Hogan, rushed into the room.

There was another flash and sharp report, followed by a heavy fall.

Hogan bent over me, inquiring if I was hurt. I glanced cautiously around. The upper part of the room was filled with smoke—and on the floor lay Shackleford! A tiny crimson stream was trickling from his temple; little wreaths of smoke were curling from the mouth of his dreadful weapon.

Oh, the horror of it! The sinfulness of it! Oh, that the greed of gain, the love of wealth should so distort a man's mind—should drive him to crime—to suicide! Oh, the terrible wickedness of it all!

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